

Sports

NL SCRAMBLE INTO THE WORLD SERIES

Illustrated

OCTOBER 12, 1964

35 CENTS

THE BEST LINEBACKER
ILLINOIS' DICK BUTKUS





YOUR HUSBAND'S PAYCHECK:

How a wife can help save it, spend it, stretch it.

Whether you keep it in the sugar bowl or put it in the stock market, money and its management are of utmost importance to women today.

The day when a wife left "all that money business" to her husband disappeared with the hoop skirt. For planning a family's financial future involves the things closest to you — a college education for your children, the new home you'd like to have, a comfortable life when your husband retires. No wonder more and more couples are making long-range money plans *together*.

BUDGET, SCHMUDGET!

All right, you say. You ought to live on a budget, but it doesn't work. Something always throws it off.

So it is with most of us. The old-fashioned budget with its neat little categories for everything from lunch money to haircuts is out of date today. Of far greater value is an over-all financial plan.

What are the key parts of a successful plan? Here are five the experts consider important:

1. It should provide your family with both a comfortable standard of living today and financial security tomorrow.
2. It should be a spending guide, not a financial strait jacket. The important thing is planning, not bookkeeping.
3. It should help you in figuring out alternatives in your spending. The

result is often wiser purchasing.

4. It should include some kind of system for keeping track of the family funds in a general way.
5. It should guarantee, as much as possible, that your family will be free of financial trouble.

Where can you get help in getting started? Get in touch with a Connecticut General agent or broker. He is specially trained in a new money management technique called 25/75 . . . a plan for all your dollars . . . a plan that provides *immediate* financial advantages. He can help you start today to meet tomorrow's goals — without cutting back. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

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There's a great deal more to this tire than meets the eye. Get the whole story from a tire specialist...your General Tire dealer.



Contents

OCTOBER 12, 1964 Volume 21, No. 15

Cover photograph by James Devlin

22 Miracle in St. Louis

After a wild week of shifting fortunes in the National League, the Cardinals finally come through

28 Cool Win in a Crowded Glen

Before a record turnout England's imperious Graham Hill took the U.S. Grand Prix

30 Brute with a Love of Violence

Linebacker Dick Butkus, who looks forward to smashing ballcarriers, is keeping Illinois at the top of the Big 10

40 Makings of a New Pro Dynasty

With good young backs to complement the arm of Johnny Unitas, the Colts are back in the championship business

46 Where the Antelope Play

The mysteries of stalking antelope on the Montana plains can be happy memories to the successful hunter

66 Two Shoestringers Jolt the Jet Set

The world land-speed record is broken twice in three days by two of the Salt Flats' longtime lovers

74 Six Dreary Days—Then Saturday

For English soccer fans that is the way the week is divided. Jack Olsen tells the story of their addiction

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 15 Scorecard | 68 Horse Racing |
| 57 People | 72 Bridge |
| 58 College Football | 93 Baseball's Week |
| 65 Golf | 94 For the Record |
| 66 Motor Sports | 95 19th Hole |



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Acknowledgments on page 94

Next week

THE WORLD SERIES pits those old rivals, the Yankees and Cardinals, against each other. A report from William Leggett and the best pictures of play in St. Louis and New York.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES begin in Tokyo, and Jack Olsen describes the color and excitement of the opening ceremonies and the ten-minute fun and drama that preceded them.

TO DESTROY CLAY is the goal of former champion Floyd Patterson. Floyd explains in a frank first-person story why he feels that way and also why he hopes Clay will beat Liston.



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Camera gussing for water fowl — photo by Mark Shaw

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SHOPWALK

Jonas Brothers in Seattle use Fiberglas is a new and unique method of taxidermy

In one huge loft of Jonas Bros., Seattle taxidermists and furrers, two or three thousand wild animal pelts are strung up on long lines—big or little noses in the air, big or little tails sweeping downward, fur against fur, skin against skin, all tagged with names and numbers, and all exuding a pleasant, pervasive scent. It somehow suggests an overcast cloakroom in a primitive longhouse—on family night.

Great bins on another floor, and an immense barn on Seattle's wooded outskirts, hold Fiberglas forms for every trophy species a hunter is likely to bag in North America, Africa or India. These are carefully "hired" under extra large, large, medium or small, subfired under right face, left face or straight—and, in the case of complete mounts, according to stance.

Put the furs and the Fiberglas together, and you get—well, not exactly instant animals, but a unique contribution to taxidermy and the trophy room by the three Klineburger brothers, who bought out their employers, Jonas Bros., in 1954. Gone, 41,

Bert, 37, and Chris, 36, operate one of the world's largest custom taxidermy businesses. It has branches in Uganda, Tanganyika and Alaska, numerous fur-receiving field stations, plus a guide-referral system (no charge for either of these services).

The Klineburgers will make for you or sell you beautiful fur rugs (for ski or hunting lodge, townhouse den, office or sports car) from as low as \$20 for a little, short-haired skin to perhaps \$225 for a big polar bear. They custom-make or sell mink coats, leopard fur coats, \$3,450; Washington State muskrat (fur coat, \$295) and zebra (24-inch jacket with natural beaver shawl collar and elbow cuffs, \$875). They will sell you enough zebra to cover your bar, whether it takes one skin (\$75-\$100) or a hundred.

But their true love is good, if not old, taxidermy. They have reconstructed everything from a hummingbird to a 23,000-pound killer whale. They originated the Fiberglas form, and they (and their staff of 50) are the only taxidermists, to their knowledge, who use it.

The combination of Klineburgers plus Fiberglas has made it possible to hang on your wall a nonanimal that you yourself shot: a completely synthetic head of an elephant, hippopotamus or walrus. If you have the tusks but the skin is damaged or lost, Jonas Bros. can mold and turn a head

to the eye-fooling likeness of such almost hairless creatures. That gives you a base for displaying the tusks. But wait. For mounting, the true tusks are routinely recast in plastic. The original tusks can then be displayed casually nearby—alongside, with luck, an on-the-spot photo of you and the actual animal you shot.

All three Klineburgers have been hunters since they were children. They put themselves through school in Arizona by running trap lines and curing the skins of the beasts they caught. They and their wives have hunted in Mexico, the Arctic tundra and the African veld; they are regular commuters to the Yukon and Northwest territories. Bert Klineburger, president of Jonas Bros., holds the world's record for moose. Like all hunters, they want trophies to look real, rip-shorting or restless, and evocative of the climactic moment—even if what's inside is only 1/10 of an inch of Fiberglas.

Since the first hunter noticed that he had shot something larger than his neighbor's kill, men have stuffed animals (and also birds and fish) with earth, grass, leaves, straw and, later, excelsior. Originally they added spices in an effort to save off decay. The development of preservative chemicals led to great 19th-century private and especially royal collections. Taxidermists studied exact measurements of the animal. They

continued



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reconstructed skeletons, modeled them in clay to show musculature in action, then molded them in plaster of paris, reinforcing them inside with paper-mâché, stiffened burlap or even wire cloth for large specimens. They tried molding them in wax or carving forms out of balsa wood or cork.

Though the Klineburgers have moved on to Fiberglas, they still urge hunters to take exact measurements in the field. But after modeling and casting thousands of animals, they hit on something: four basic sizes (of heads in most cases) could take care of each species "within a quarter of an inch", additional differences in musculature stemmed mainly from position. Today in the big, windowed "studio" you can see the older European and more recently trained American "artists" adding bits of clay to the Fiberglas forms, deftly sculpturing them to fit the pelts they will wear; putting in plastic "dentures," rubber tongues and glass eyes made in Germany; pinning the furs into position while the glue dries and then fluffing up the fur like show-dog handlers.

The finished mount is "stronger, lighter in weight and more damp-proof than the old paper-mâché method," according to the Klineburgers. A full-mount bear might weigh 135 pounds in paper-mâché and 35 in Fiberglas. If it's a big polar or Kodiak brown bear, the job will run to \$1,000 or even \$1,200. Blacks and grizzlies can be done for \$600 to \$800. A wolverine that weighed 35 pounds in life might weigh 10 in Fiberglas, with base. Wolverines and some other small mammals can be done for its little as \$125; a disk-disk, not much bigger than a jack rabbit, for \$95 to \$115 full mount, \$45 for a head. Wildebeest- or caribou-head mounts are about \$125. A full-mount moose could run to \$1,500.

African cargo boats bring big crates of salt-stuff pelts into Seattle for Jonas Bros. nearly every week. Most have been shot by North Americans. European and other hunters usually have their mounting done in the Uganda branch, where top Jonas Bros. taxidermists have gone to train African personnel. Americans do better to send raw trophies to Seattle because, for finished mounts, shipping costs and customs charges are high.

Then ahead, the Klineburgers urge, so that a field man from Jonas Bros. can supervise the processing of the pelt from the very moment of the kill—whether by natives in Africa or Eskimos in the far north. Some pelts are frozen, some dipped in chemical preservative; the sooner they are so treated, the better for the appearance of the finished trophies.

Chris Klineburger pointed sadly at a big mounted polar bear, originally white but now showing a touch of jaundice. "All that yellowing could have been avoided," he said, "if the animal fats had been removed

continued



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SHOPWALK

properly in the field. If we know a hunter's plans, we can have any North American pelt frozen by one of our fieldmen, air-freighted and in our tanning process within two to five days."

After the frozen furs are thawed and the dried ones are water-reconstituted, everything but a chewing squaw goes to work to make them soft and workable. A man meticulously shaves an elephant skin from perhaps an inch thick to the 1/4 inch proper for mounting, he uses, alternately, the traditional double-edged currier's knife and a modern electric-powered rotary blade. Natural fats are replaced, after the tanning and curing, with a mixture of linoleum and cottonseed oil. Then the pelts tumble-tumble around in big machine-driven barrels of eastern hardwood sawdust to take out dust and excess oil and break up the skin fibers (as the squaw would have done with her teeth). The salting, shaving and sawdust are nearly as old as taudermy. The power tools and equipment, like the freezing, are new; so are the compressed-air-driven staples used instead of nails for mounting.

Jonas Bros. processes more than 2,000 head mounts a year (sheep, caribou, moose, etc.) and from 1,000 to 1,500 bears. Full bear mounts, especially ramparts, are growing in popularity; newer is the half-mount, cut off at the rib cage, which seems to plunge out of the wall like an angry circus animal bursting through a paper drumhead. As the Klutznigers like to point out, it "saves space." But most bearskins still wind up, open-mouthed, as rugs. These cost the hunter about \$20 per linear foot and average about \$150. A little black bear might be \$95, a big polar \$225. You can have a more docile, hearth-happy bear (or other animal) snoozing before your fireplace, mouth respectfully shut, at lower rates. A four-skin wolf rug (approx. 4 feet x 8 feet) with black-bear border is \$400.

Though some huntresses have furs made into garments, a woman is no more out to shoot a fur to wear than a man is out to shoot his dinner. "A woman is just as interested as a man in having her trophy on a wall," says Bert Klutzniger. "Otherwise she wouldn't be hunting." For only \$6.50, though, she could have a deerskin ummet and dressed, with or without hair. That equals one wastcoat or handbag, two pairs of moccasins or three pairs of gloves; four skins would make a man's jacket or a woman's belted coat.

For those who have some old elephant feet lying around, or happen to have bagged a five-footed spoomen, Jonas Bros. will make one foot into a stool (\$50). You can sit on it while you look across the room at a map of Africa, hand-pointed in full color by a Jonas Bros. artist, or at an African elephant's cut (\$150).

—LAURIE JOHNSON



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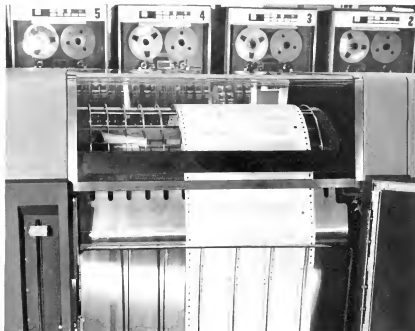
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And our back door is too big to fit through the back door of a regular wagon.

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Use it anywhere. All you do is guide it.*



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and cabbage



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and vegetables



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and cheese.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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HOME PLATE TO THE GRAVE

The still-famous but aging and destitute ex-athlete long has been a commonplace of professional sport. But the future looks bright for those who can hang on long enough in modern baseball, football and hockey. And it would seem that, from a long-range financial security outlook, the hockey player comes out best.

In the National Hockey League a player with 20 seasons behind him can look forward to a pension of \$1,640 a month when he is 65. If he elects to take his pension at age 45 he gets \$500 monthly. Baseball's 20-year player would get \$550 a month starting at 65, \$275 at 50. In the National Football League an ex-player cannot draw on his pension until he is 65. Then, with 15 years service behind him, he can expect \$821 a month. The American Football League still is ironing out its pension plan but, "to stay competitive," will strive for a carbon copy of the NFL deal.

In all three sports, players are eligible for pensions if they have had only five years of service. And the pension figures are conservative estimates, since the amount of the pensions depends upon special-game proceeds, rate of return on money invested and such.

An endowment policy for National Basketball Association players goes into operation this season, but not retroactively. Player and team each contribute \$500 to \$600 a year. When the policy matures in 30 years it will return to the player, "conservatively," \$2,000 a year. Not much, but it is an improvement on shining shoes, all that is left to some ex-boxers.

FIGURES FOR FILBERTS

The late-season pennant race in the National League—a race that looked like a placid runaway for the Phillies only a couple of weeks back—astonished fans in St. Louis, in Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. But Earnshaw Cook, that mathematician from Baltimore (SI, March 23) who gets his kicks figuring out baseball probabilities ("Don't call

them predictions, please!"), said he was not at all surprised.

"According to my charts," he said, "they've all been playing second-place baseball." This opinion was based on Cook's scoring-ratio tables. The scoring ratio is derived by dividing the number of runs scored against a team into the number of runs the team scores itself. Cook has set a ratio of 1.25 for pennant winners, 1.19 for second place and 1.12 for third. The system worked well enough in the American League, where the Yankees' ratio was 1.254 after 155 games and where Cook picked Chicago and Baltimore to follow them in order. But in the National League nobody played well enough to win. After 111 games, the ratios for the four contenders were all between second- and third-place caliber. The Giants were 1.18, the Reds 1.15, the Phillies 1.14 and the Cardinals 1.13. After 125 games the situation was not substantially changed except that the St. Louis Cardinals were playing down at second-division level with a 1.04 ratio.

This might add up to an indictment of Cook's system, but it is really just another indication that the percentages simply cannot provide all the answers for the unpredictable game that baseball is. Cook concedes that "in this business, all you have is a chance to be wrong."

HOW FIDO WON HIS LETTER

A massive uproar has arisen this fall over the sly way football coaches have been taking advantage of the new substitution rule (SI, Aug. 31), under which unlimited substitutions can be made when the clock is stopped. Sometimes it is worth a five-yard penalty to get new players onto the field and so the coaches have been instructing their quarterbacks to stall on a play long enough to draw a penalty for delaying the game.

This strikes Dan Jesse, Trinity College coach, as locking in imagination. He is thinking of employing the time-honored "dog on the field" situation to do the coach's dirty work. His dog, Jesse says, will be trained to rush onto the field whenever it is necessary for Trin-

ity to get a time-out for substitutions.

"The dog will go right for the ball," Jesse says, "thereby forcing the referee to call time out. Then I'll send in my substitutions."

SIZE-UP

Some of the Olympic records are already in. Last week Jules Bliss, tailor for the U.S. Olympic team, completed a 12-day ordeal of personally fitting each Olympian—376 male athletes, 110 females "and enough officials to bring the total well over 500"—for the uniforms they will wear in Tokyo. Among the results, according to Bliss:

Shotputter Dallas Long will wear the largest jacket, a 54 extra long. Makato (Doug) Sakamoto, 17-year-old gymnast, will wear the smallest, a 34 extra short. The man with the biggest feet is Mel Counts, the 7-foot basketball player, who needed a size 18 AA.

TAB OF THE MONTH

One of the recurrent dreams of many a sports fan is that he might someday own a Kentucky Derby winner or a heavyweight champion. Let him be advised, as any boxing manager could tell him,



that prospective heavyweight champions eat like Derby winners. They have other expenses, too, and the manager is traditionally held to be responsible for them. Just the other day, for instance, millionaire Houston oilman Bud Adams, who owns the contract of heavyweight contender Cleveland Williams, produced the following expense account for a single month:

Dentist \$430, automobile repairs \$36.04, traffic tickets \$60, hospital for wife \$554.25, doctor's fees for wife

continued

"DACRON"® KEEPS THESE FINE DRESS SLACKS WRINKLE-FREE, SHARPLY CREASED! They're Haggard Imperial Slacks. None finer—proved better than slacks costing \$30 or more in side-by-side comparison. Ingenious, new Shape-O-Matic Waistband conforms to the body...provides trimmer appearance, snug fit at the waist, superior comfort! ©Covet's registered T.M.

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55% "Dacron" polyester — 45% worsted wool. In plain front and pleated models.



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10 Bowl Trip First Prize! 50 Second Prizes of \$100 Haggard Slacks Wardrobes — a pair for every day in the week. Details on Haggard Slacks "Pinpoint the Pigskin" Contest at your Haggard Dealer.

SCORECARD

\$350, clothing \$142.43, and cash advanced \$557.81. Total, with other items, \$3,119.92.

"That's more than I spent on myself that month," said Adams.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON

Until U.S. Olympic officials took another look at their judgment last week it seemed that Russell (Rusty) Hodge, the decathlete, would not compete in Tokyo, even though he had beaten Don Jerzy and Paul Herman in the final trials in Los Angeles and tied Dick Emberger for first. It was, however, the only serious goof of the new double-tryout system, and it was corrected in time. Hodge replaced Jerzy.

The confusion occurred because Hodge had finished behind Jerzy and Herman in an earlier elimination, the AAU decathlon championship, before he beat both in Los Angeles. The U.S. Olympic Board of Directors, embarrassed because the selection system had given the U.S. AAU winners automatic preference, decided to send all four to Tokyo and let the coaches decide the matter there. Only three could compete. The coaches voted unanimously for Emberger, Herman—and Hodge.

Which recalls how, in 1936, pretty, red-haired Alice Arden qualified for second place in the U.S. high jump, but the Olympic budget that year was only \$350,000 and women's track was absolutely at the bottom of the budget. It required a last-minute collection taken up at dockside to get Alice aboard ship for Berlin. She is, of course, the mother of Rusty Hodge.

TURTLE TROUBLE

Anyone who has ever tried to keep a raccoon out of his garbage may well appreciate the achievement of Everglades National Park Ranger Max Holden, who seems to have discovered a way to keep raccoons out of his turtle eggs. Loggerhead and green turtles have been laying their eggs in great quantities from Lostmans River to Cape Sable, the most southerly part of the vast Florida wildlands, but until Holden came upon the scene only 10% or 15% of the nests survived the raccoons.

Holden first tried dog repellent. But raccoons are not dogs. Next he tried sprinkling salt water to desiccate the area. Same result. Nothing. Ranger Holden used seemed to hide the turtles' scent

continued

No other camera looks like this one. And no wonder.



How would you like a camera that takes 72 pictures on an ordinary roll of 36-exposure 35mm film? (Or 40 on a roll of 20.)

A camera that advances the film automatically? And rewinds it automatically?

A camera that takes perfectly exposed slides every time, or it won't take the picture? A camera with a button that lets you override the electric eye?

A camera that takes slides that fit in ordinary frames, so you can use them in any projector or viewer?

A camera that takes pictures almost as fast as you can aim and shoot?

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A camera that is, in short, a photographic instrument. Extraordinarily precise. Virtually incapable of error. An instrument that performs without deviation, that measures light and distance exactly, that controls film perfectly, that holds film flat and in exact focus from corner to corner and edge to edge.

You can get a photographic instrument this perfectly tuned to your wants. And you can get it for less than eighty dollars.

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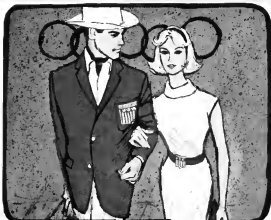
Try it, and see if you can resist it.

Bell & Howell/Canon photographic instruments are built a little better than they really have to be.

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Jim Maloney enjoys the good taste of a Phillies cigar



17-5 OFFICIAL: When the U. S. Olympic team parades in the Tokyo Games of the XVIII Olympiad, its uniforms will be made of the great "Giveaway" stretch fabrics. The Olympic Blazer by Palm Beach. Olympic Dress by Monika for Wildie Stag. For your nearest retailer, write us at 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.



Galey & Lord

SCORECARD

from probing black noses until he tried moth flakes, sprinkling them along the beaches. The results have been encouraging, and Dr. Archie Carr, the University of Florida professor who is the world's greatest authority on turtles of all sorts, recently shipped 2,000 baby greens from the Caribbean to help restock the area.

Now there seems to be at least a chance that baby green turtles will grow up to be succulent adult turtles, ready to be eaten by people instead of by raccoons.

From the point of view of the turtle it must all seem pretty academic.

NOTE BOARD BLUES

When Jefferson Downs, just outside New Orleans, opened its fall racing season last week, it did so with "music to bet by." Three minutes before each post time the public address system blared forth a recording of the *Cavalier Rag*, popularized in the movie *The Bridge on the River Kwai*.

At first opposed to the suggestion, the track management tested it on employees.

"The results were amazing," reports C. Ray Edmonds, president and general manager. "The march music seemed to perk everyone up. They'd throw back their shoulders and walk at a faster gait. Most of them would start humming and whistling the tune."

And, whether or not it was the music, Jefferson Downs enjoyed the heaviest fall opening-night handle in its five-year history, hardly defying the threat of Hurricane Hilda.

LETTER FROM HOME

People who are dirty and funny are much better members of mountain-climbing parties than those who are clean and sad, the Soviet Mountaineering Federation has been advised by Jim Whittaker of Seattle, conqueror of Everest. Asked by the Russian climbers for advice on the selection of members for a try in the Himalayas, Whittaker replied:

"Individuals with exaggerated cleanliness or neatness have created problems living at high altitude, where it is difficult to maintain normal hygiene. Also, hypochondriacs have pulled down morale."

Worst personalities, in Whittaker's opinion: hypochondriacs; fussy, motherly types; and melancholics. Best qualities: "comradship, egoism (to an extent), responsibility, boldness, persistence, humor and motivation."

Continued



V-8's had the convertible field all to themselves until Ford's new Big Six came along. Because here, at last, is a Six that'll do even the heavy convertible proud. (Unless you peek under the hood, you'll swear it's a V-8!) Uses regular gas. (In moderation, of course!) Can be teamed up with a smooth 3-speed Cruise-O-Matic transmission. Has 7 main bearings (for smoothness's sake), hydraulic lifters (for silence's sake), and an automatic choke (for your sake).

*Best gear yet to go Ford?
Try Drive Real Performance US*

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Mr. McKinley H. McKinley gets a loose hose clamp tightened by the man who spotted it—his Mobil dealer in New Brice Park, N. E.

...and all he drove in for was a tankful of Mobil's High Energy Gasoline.

Mr. McKinley didn't know a loose hose clamp caused that "hissing sound." But his Mobil dealer did... and fixed it. Millions of motorists depend on Mobil dealers to spot little troubles which could otherwise lead to expensive repairs.

Mobil service is the kind *every* motorist should have this winter. The trained Mobil dealer can make vital checks of the fan belt, antifreeze level, and hose connections... watch your battery to maintain full operating power... check tire pressure and condition... put in easy starting Mobiloil Special... protect the chassis with high-grade Mobil lubricants... give you quick starts with Mobil's High Energy Gasoline... and recommend the extra convenience of a Mobil Credit Card.

For good advice...
and good products...
depend on
your Mobil dealer



Low Energy High Energy



What is High Energy Gasoline? Mobil takes straight run gasoline—the basic product all refiners start with—and further refines it so that light, low energy atom groups are replaced by heavier, high energy atom groups. The result is more power, more power for hills, for passing, and the economy of long mileage.

Bold, persistent, witty and highly motivated Jim Whittaker last week was awarded his big W from West Seattle High School, from which he was graduated in 1947. Because he worked after school and had no time to participate in athletics, Whittaker never did win a sports letter.

DIETARY NOTE

It is more than a month now since Willie Pastrano, the nimble-footed light-heavyweight champion, set out on his grand crusade for The Dairy Council of South Florida. Aim: to encourage milk-drinking. During this period Willie spoke to more than 15,000 potential milk-drinkers and drank some himself. In one of his appearances he refereed a boxing bout between two society matrons. In another he auctioned off two dozen artichokes for \$75, benefit of the American Cancer Society. And, addressing a youth center, he found himself momentarily baffled during a question period.

"Why do you eat a chocolate bar at the beginning of every round?" asked a 5-year-old boy.

Pastrano pondered. Then the answer came to him.

"That's not a chocolate bar," he said. "It's my mouthpiece."

THEY SAID IT

- Murray Warmath, Minnesota football coach, assuming the blame when his kicker, Mike Reid, incurred a 15-yard penalty for catching his own windblown kickoff on the fly: "We never practice that play, because we never thought it could happen."
- Tom Hudspeth, football coach at Brigham Young University, on learning that BYU's new stadium would be dedicated with a ceremony involving a torch carried 50 miles by a relay team, 22 bands, folk dancers, a parachutist, a half-time show and a post-game show: "I hope no one thinks I'm intruding when I show up with the football team."
- Sammy Baugh, Houston Oilers coach, on his deeply religious linebacker, Johnny Baker: "Johnny knocks hell outta people, but in a Christian way."
- Tony Cuccinello, Chicago White Sox coach and uncle of Sam Mele, Minnesota manager: "When Sam's playing the Yanks or Orioles, I root for my nephew, naturally. But when it comes down to the big thing, you know how I'm rooting. Money is thicker than blood." **END**

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on to
your
hat!

In this monsoon coat anything's likely to happen.

Rain, snow, wind, cold anything. Inside your monsoon coat it's always snug and warm outside it's nice and dry, thanks to SYL-MER[®] silicone protection. This Dow Corning finish shuns wet weather. Defends against water-borne spots and stains. Gives a soft, luxuriously smooth hand to the fabric. And Syl-mer brand silicone protection is durable through repeated dry cleanings.

Silicon of California's practiced hand at styling turns in this winning performance. On the outside, smart equestrian shoulders, full-belted middle, leather buttons. On the inside, under Crompton-Richmond's husky 100% cotton corduroy, a 65% Acrilan acrylic 35% modacrylic zip-out pile liner and regimental striped lining. In buck, deer and rhino shades. Sizes 34 to 46. Under \$50 at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.; Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago; Smith's, Oakland.

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Dow Corning

It was the week that wasn't—or, anyway, the week that couldn't have been. In the American League the Yankees, dead six weeks earlier, effortlessly contained closing rallies by the White Sox and Orioles to win by the biggest one-game margin in baseball history. In the National League it was stark melodrama. Philadelphia was dying. St. Louis was shot through with rumor. Cincinnati was riven with dissension. The Cardinals choked miserably, then rallied to win their pennant by the smallest one-game margin in baseball history. On Sunday the melodrama finally ended in laughter and champagne, but for six long days the tension had been almost unbearable.

MIRACLE IN ST. LOUIS

Early last week Judith Ann Shannon, mother of four, began to notice that her husband was acting strangely. Normally attentive, 25-year-old Mike Shannon, right fielder for the St. Louis Cardinals, was wandering through the house with his eyes focused on infinity and his mind in the same general vicinity. Nothing Judy said seemed to get through. But Judy Shannon was not unduly disturbed—she had seen the symptoms before.

Last year, when the Cardinals won 19 of 20 games to pull within one game of the Los Angeles Dodgers with only 10 games remaining, Mike Shannon was just a

spear carrier, but even then he was restless; he smoked too much and he kept scratching his head. Now the Cardinals were a game and a half away from the first-place Cincinnati Reds and a half game behind the second-place Philadelphia Phillies with six games left. And this time Mike Shannon was a central figure.

Everyone in St. Louis felt good about Shannon; a St. Louis boy, he was a high school All-America in football and All-State in basketball. And everyone remembered the Shannons' troubles of last year. After giving birth to their fourth child in four years of marriage, Judy was

a cartoonist for

DEBACLE IN CINCINNATI

The Queen City of the mighty Ohio derives its name from Cincinnatus, the loyal Roman farmer who dropped his plow and rushed off to battle when war was imminent. Something has been lost over the generations and in translation into the plural, however; very few people in Cincinnati dropped anything last week to root for the Reds after they returned home in first place and with the longest winning streak—nine games—in the National League this season.

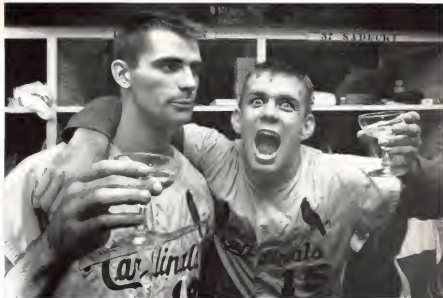
While Barry Goldwater was drawing 16,000 upstown on Tuesday, a mere 10,858 paid their way into Crosley Field. Wednesday and Thursday nights, when free baseball TV rather than free Goldwater was the competition, attendance fell off to 8,188 and then 7,061. On Thursday, after the Reds had lost their second in a row to the Pirates, Third Baseman Chico Ruiz reported that he had tried to give away a couple of tickets to Sunday's final game but had been turned down. "He tell me, you prolly be out of eat, by then. These baseball ees all front-runner. Everywhere, front-runner. They ought to move franchise to Habana," Ruiz turned and used his bat like a submachine gun. "Castro, he make everyone play hard," he said.

Not only were people not coming out to the games, they didn't appear to know that games were being played. Fountain Square provided no hint whatsoever that there was a pennant race in town, though a large, ugly billboard recently erected there urged citizens to vote yes on a traffic issue, and on Thursday morning a loud brass band showed up to 1) get money for the United Appeal, 2) shill for the Ice Capades, and 3) wake up people sleeping in the Sheraton-Gibson Hotel. The Ice Capades gave \$1,000 to the United Appeal, but they may be pushing the wrong charity. The Reds have dropped in attendance since they won the pennant in 1961.

If the support was negligible, the Cincy hitting was worse. The Reds have not hit well all year, except for that nine-game streak, but after they scored three runs in the first inning of their second game against the Mets on Sunday of last week, all semblance of clutch hitting faded. They got 10 singles and a double against Pittsburgh's Bob Friend Tuesday night but could not score. The Pirates made only six hits against 20-year-old Bill McCool, but with two out in the ninth Bill Mazeroski singled in the only two runs of the game.

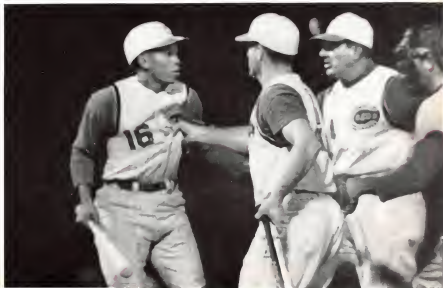
McCool sat at his locker long after the game, mutter-

a cartoonist for



In the Cardinals' dressing room, serious Mike Shannon and bellowing Tim McGraw toast their last-day victory with bubbling champagne.

In prelude to disaster, Leo Cordero looks betrayed as fellow Reds Jim Coker and Reggie Otero restrain him after he was hit by a pitched ball.



taken ill and was unable to care for the children, and she needed Mike home in St. Louis and not chasing fly balls with the Cardinal farm team in Atlanta. After nine games at Atlanta, Shannon decided to quit baseball, but rather than lose him, General Manager Bing Devine brought Mike up to the Cardinals and in 32 games he hit .308. Shortly after that his wife got well.

When Mike jumped into his Chevy station wagon on Monday, September 28 for the 20-minute drive to Busch Stadium where the Cards were to play the Phils in the first of a three-game series, he said, "Big one tonight, baby. We can't afford to lose." In the second inning, after First Baseman Bill White singled and Second Baseman Julian Javier sent White to third with another single to right center, Shannon came to bat facing Chris Short, Philadelphia's best left-hander. The crowd of 24,000 gave Mike a big hand, and he drove Philadelphia's Wes Covington back to the left-field wall to send White home. With a 3-1 lead in the eighth inning the Cardinals got going again, and Shannon singled home two runs to make the final score 5-1. The Cards had jumped over the Phils in the standings and were a game away from first place.

The team clattered up the stairs to the dressing room and Mike Shannon turned on the tape recorder over his locker. A rollicking number called *Our Old Home Team* filled the room. Far down the hall from the noise, Manager Johnny Keane heard a knock on a door that in the

memory of the oldest Cardinal had never been opened. Butch Yatkeman, the clubhouse man, found a grimy key and opened the door, and in swept Branch Rickey, the 82-year-old "special consultant" who, many believe, had General Manager Bing Devine fired just six weeks ago and does not want Keane to return in 1965 (St. Sept. 21). Rickey grabbed Keane with both hands and said, "Johnny Keane, you are a gosh-dang line manager." Then he was gone, the door closing behind him.

Next evening Lou Brock, the tiny left fielder, was the first Cardinal regular in uniform, and he got Dave Rickey to pitch baseballs to him for half an hour. Brock did nothing but bunt. In the very first inning, with Curt Flood on first base, Brock placed a perfect sacrifice bunt on the grass between the pitching mound and first, and he was just beaten by Pitcher Dennis Bennett's throw. Brock's extra practice paid off when Dick Groat doubled Flood home, and the Cardinals added two more runs in the second. Starting Pitcher Ray Sadecki was having trouble, however, and when the Phils started a rally in the seventh Keane took him out and brought in 38-year-old Knuckleballer Barney Schultz, and Schultz stopped the Phils cold to save a 4-2 win.

The reporters crowded around Schultz in the dressing room, and as they did Catcher Tim McCarver and Sadecki began scrambling through the bottom of McCarver's locker. McCarver put a rubber horror mask—the Werewolf—over his face, folded up a piece of paper and

CINCINNATI *continued*

ing: "That blanking Maz. That blanking Maz." What, someone asked Mazeroski, did he think of a 20-year-old kid calling him "a blanking Maz." "That," said Mazeroski, straight-faced, "is what makes baseball the great game that it is."

Beginning Wednesday's game, the Reds had gone 17 innings without a run. They almost duplicated that performance in one night. The Pirates' starting pitcher, Bob Veale, gave up seven singles and struck out 16 batters—the season's major league high—in 12½ innings, but the Pirates were not exactly dismembering Jim Maloney. Maloney gave up only three hits and struck out 13 in 11 innings. The game total of 36 strikeouts was a record, but the frustration of the Reds must also have set a record of sorts. While the Pirates did not establish anything approximating a threat until they finally scored the game's only run in the 16th, Cincinnati left 18 men on base, 13 in the six-inning stretch from the ninth to the 14th. And the game ended just as implausibly.

With John Tsitouris pitching for Cincy in the 16th, Donn Clendenon led off with a double against the scoreboard. Blanking Mazeroski sacrificed Clendenon to third, and then came the play that may have cost Cincinnati the National League pennant.

The Pittsburgh batter was Jerry May, a young catcher called up from Asheville just 10 days before. The chain of circumstances that brought May to bat at this time are approximately as devious as those that led to the

start of World War I. It began when the Pirates sold Catcher Smokey Burgess to the Chicago White Sox, who were fighting for a pennant in another league. So the Pirates needed a third catcher to back up Jim Pugliaroni and Orlando McFarlane, and they tried to get Ron Brand from Columbus. But Brand was on his way home to Los Angeles, so they sent for young May, who was hitting all of .260 at Asheville. May did little at first but pitch batting practice, which sounds innocuous enough except that while pitching batting practice he hit Pugliaroni and knocked him out for the season. So with Clendenon on third, Jerry May came forward to meet destiny.

He took a ball and then got the sign for the suicide squeeze from Third-base Coach Frank Oczak. Clendenon took off for home as Tsitouris cut loose with a slider. Tsitouris never saw the runner go. "If I just had . . . if . . . I would have switched pitches," he said after the game. But the pitch was as buntable as a pitch can be. It broke right in across the letters, and May punched it perfectly down the third-base line. Clendenon scored with ease when Ruiz unaccountably retreated to third instead of charging the ball. Ruiz finally came in to pick it up, but by then there was not even a play on May at first. "I can't understand why in the world Chico ran back to the bag when he saw the runner coming in," Sisler said in something approaching shock. It is extremely doubtful, however, that any third baseman could have yielded such

stood in the back of the group of reporters. Months ago McCarver and Sadecki had walked all over Chicago to find the masks. McCarver bought the Werewolf and Sadecki got one of Quasimodo. On this night, two masks that had been getting laughs all year really broke up the clubhouse. The Cards were happy and loose. Just before leaving the field they had heard that Cincinnati had lost to Pittsburgh 2-0, and now the Cardinals were tied for first. Captain Ken Boyer sat on a stool and covered his face with his hands and whispered, "This is the closest I've been to playing in a World Series. I'd give 10 years of my life to play in one."

Philadelphia's fall had been a brutal thing. Manager Gene Mauch said it was "like watching someone drown." On Wednesday the Phillies played a game that no member of the team will ever forget. They made four errors in the first four innings while St. Louis collected eight runs and 11 hits and an 8-5 victory.

The Cards hung on in their dressing room, listening to the 16-inning game between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati that the Pirates finally won when Jerry May squeezed home the only run of the game. Not long after it was over, the phone rang in the motel room where Groat and Bob Skinner live. Both are former Pirates. The call was from Bill Virdon and Bill Mazeroski. "Drek," said Virdon to his old roommate, Groat, "you shouldn't need much help now."

It certainly seemed that way on Friday evening as the

Cards opened a three-game series with the last-place New York Mets. St. Louis had a half-game lead with only three left; they had the momentum of an eight-game winning streak while the Mets were in an eight-game losing streak. Bob Gibson was ready, riding a personal streak of nine consecutive complete games during which his record had been 8-1.

Late that afternoon Cardinal Owner Gusie Busch came to the dressing room and offered Keane a contract with a substantial raise for next year. Keane said that would have to wait until the season was over. All week there had been rumors that Busch already had signed Leo Durocher for 1965. Busch denied it, but many people did not believe him.

Busch sat in his front-row box next to the Cardinal dugout during the game, leaning forward with eager anticipation. Like everyone else, he expected the Cards to push the Mets around—but they never did. Little Al Jackson pitched a masterful game to beat Gibson 1-0. When their own game was over, the Cardinals sat quietly in the dressing room and listened to the final out of Cincinnati's 4-3 loss. There were no cheers, just the sigh of relief that comes from the occupants of a car when they luckily avoid a major accident.

The accident happened Saturday afternoon in St. Louis. On the first pitch of the game Catcher Tim McCarver dropped a foul fly that allowed the Mets' Billy Kluis to stay at the plate. Kluis then hit an easy line

continued

a bunt in time to throw out Cledenon, and no one was more amazed at his own artistry than Jerry May. He was called on to sacrifice only a handful of times this season, the last "about a month ago," May said. And how about suicide squeezes? "No, I never did that all year. As a matter of fact, I've never squeezed in my whole life."

By Thursday night the Reds had snapped back. The team had had its official picture taken the night before, and all the players had nice glossy prints to show around. Fred Hutchinson showed up for the picture and put on his uniform for the first time in six weeks. The Reds talked mostly about the Cardinals—"much the best-hitting lineup in the league"—and the Mets. There was general agreement that the Mets would be all fired up to salvage something from the season and decide a pennant race. "I'd rather have the Mets not care," Pete Rose said. Then Cincinnati went out and finally scored against Pittsburgh.

They also evened matters on the subject of third-string catchers. Johnny Edwards had left the game the night before when the season-long pounding of fast balls finally took its toll. He could barely get his mitt off. Thursday he asked for novocain or codaine to ease the pain so that he could catch, but after checking with the team physician Sisler said no. Edwards' replacement Wednesday had been Don Pavletich, who struck out four times. On Thursday Sisler, admittedly in desperation, settled on Jim Coker instead. Coker, who had come up from the

minors on August 23, drove in, scored or contributed to four Cincinnati runs as they won 5-4.

In the clubhouse the Reds started a "Let's go Mets" chant that would do justice to any of the New Breed, and somehow the exhortation must have carried across two states. The next night, in St. Louis, the Mets came through, 1-0.

While this was going on the Reds were playing the team that had suddenly become the easiest touch in the National League. The Phils had not won since Cincy's Chico Ruiz stole home to beat them 1-0, on September 21, and now Cincinnati went into a quick 3-0 lead. But in the seventh inning one of Chris Short's pitches hit Cincy's Leo Cardenas, and the game—and the season—turned upside down again.

Cardenas, thinking that Short had thrown at him intentionally, moved menacingly, but in hand, toward the Philadelphia pitcher, Phillie Catcher Clay Dalrymple moved in front of Cardenas and players from both teams came running. Cardenas finally was calmed down, but Phillie Coach Bob Oldis growled: "He'll let you know if he's going to throw at you," and that upset Cardenas anew. When order finally was restored, Ed Roebuck came in in relief of Short and threw one pitch for a double play.

Cardenas went out to shortstop. He should have forgotten all about the flare-up, but the Reds don't think he did. The first thing Sisler said after the game was:

continued

drive that Lou Brock misplayed in left field, and before the inning was over the Mets had a four-run lead. They won 15-5. St. Louis made five errors.

Brock put his head alongside Flood's in the dressing room. "It will be different tomorrow," he said. "Somebody's been putting Yankees into the Mets' uniforms. Tomorrow they'll play like the Mets again."

Flood sipped a beer and said, "Yeah, but tomorrow we better not play like the Indianapolis Clowns again." Then he walked over to Curt Simmons, the scheduled Cardinal pitcher for the last game of the regular season. "Please, baby," he said.

That night Mike Shannon told Judy to be ready to see the Cards clinch on Sunday. Javier, whose left hip had been injured in a close play at first, was in bed with ice packs. Del Maxvill, Javier's probable replacement, played with his two young children and thought back to May when he was so discouraged at being farmed out that he was ready to quit baseball. Groat could hardly sleep in his room at the Bel Air Motel and paced the floor almost all night. As he paced he heard the footsteps of other Cardinals through the thin walls.

Sunday morning Groat awoke foggy. Javier's hip felt terrible, and as Shannon was getting ready to go to work his 15-month-old daughter Peggy spilled a cup of boiling water on her arm and he had to take her to the hospital. Maxvill arrived at the stadium early and was told by Keane that he would be playing second base,

Tough, gentle, bright Johnny Keane withstood rumors that he would be fired, steadied the Cardinals to the pennant.

and Kathleen Boyer got tied up in traffic and missed part of the first inning.

Nothing much happened in that first inning anyway, but in their half of the fifth the Cards won the pennant with three runs—driven in by Maxvill, Boyer and Groat. They added three in the sixth and three more in the eighth, and when Tim McCarver caught a pop foul to end the game the score was 11-5. Curt Simmons had been relieved by Gibson, and Gibson by Barney Schultz, but it was an easy victory.

As the Cards poured champagne all over themselves in the clubhouse, 3,000 people gathered under the stairway that leads to it. They began to chant, "We want Boyer," and Boyer came out. Then Brock, then Flood, then White. They called for every player and each took a bow. They called for Johnny Keane and he stood and took off his cap. McCarver appeared in his Tom Werewolf mask and Sadecki came on as Joe Quasimodo.

With the shouts still in their ears, Boyer and Groat sat on a table at the trainer's room. "I'll sleep tonight," Groat said. Boyer held his glass of champagne near his lips. "Fourteen years of baseball," he said, "that's how long I've waited for this glass of champagne. Thank you, Philadelphia. Thank you, Pittsburgh. Thank you, Cincinnati. Thank you, Cardinals."

—WILLIAM LEGGETT

CINCINNATI *continued*

"It all started when Cardenas was hit. I think he took it out to his position with him."

With one out in the Phillies' eighth, Frank Thomas blooped a miserable little pinch-hit pop fly over second base, not even onto the outfield grass. Cardenas and Second Baseman Rose went for the ball, and though Cardenas seemed to have the better chance for it he slowed down. Rose, looking up for an instant to check on Cardenas, could not hold onto the ball. Then Jim O'Toole, who had been pitching well, caved in. Bill McCool, in relief, was no help. The Phils scored four quick runs to make it 4-3, the final score.

Dick Sisker sat down at his office desk and began the awful review of what had happened. Suddenly loud, angry voices were heard from the locker room. Sisker hurried out, returned in a few minutes and tried to dismiss the incident. "It was just something minor," he said, "something that happens to all baseball teams. We're all hot. We're all sore at losing this thing." The players later parroted this story, but it was not so easy for Leo Cardenas. His eyes were red when he denied that he had been involved in the locker room fight.

The next day, Saturday, in the bright morning sun, the Reds had an off-day workout. Leo Cardenas moved among his teammates, but not with them. He sat in the shade of the dugout, staring and mute, until his turn came to hit. Pete Rose tried to pick him up. "O.K.," Rose said, "hit and run. Man on first. Go to right."

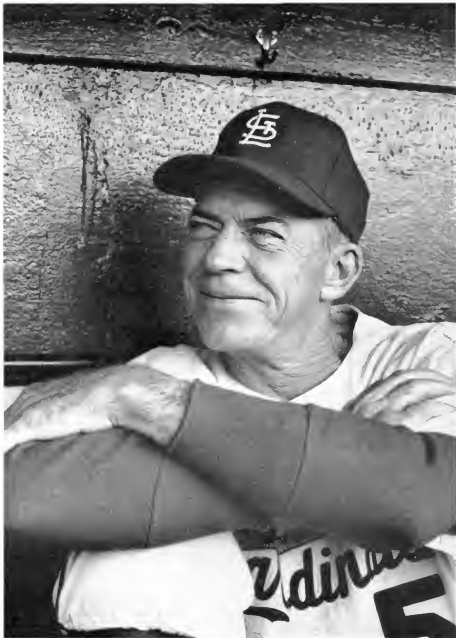
Cardenas went through the motions and then he went back and sat by himself in the dugout again. It was not a very happy day for the Reds—until the score from St. Louis came in.

The game Sunday started after Miss Cindy Grogg sang the National Anthem, and that was the last brave note sung by a Cincinnati all day. There was no sign of dissension traceable to Friday night's clubhouse brawl, but the Reds hardly looked like pennant winners from the first pitch. At 2:14 Central Daylight Time, Wes Covington cracked a one-for-17 slump with a single to right that brought home two runs, and the game was decided. Six innings and six more Cincinnati pitchers later, it was all over. Philadelphia won 10-0.

By the time the Cincinnati game finished, St. Louis had an 8-4 lead and the Reds were barely interested in the clubhouse radio. When word came in that St. Louis led 11-4, Sisker made himself a ham on eye and talked about the winter ahead.

Sick and haggard, Fred Hutchinson sat quietly in his old office. "For all my boys and myself," Sisker suddenly blurted out, "I'm sorry we couldn't win for that gentleman over there." The players picked up their suitcases and went home. Two pretty young girls were standing outside, almost in tears and holding red and white pom-poms. Is there anything sadder than the sight of a pom-pom in a pretty girl's hand when she has nothing to wave it for?

—FRANK DEFORD



A COOL WIN IN A CROWDED GLEN

Victory in the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen went to the imperturbable Graham Hill, who moved well ahead of two fellow Britons John Surtees and Jim Clark, in the final thrust for the world driving championship by **BOB OTTUM**



Graham Hill swoops through a corner ahead of John Surtees in one of many moments of close racing that thrilled record Watkins Glen crowd.

Graham Hill is a most conspicuous Englishman—tall, hawk-nosed and muscled, yet with an uncanny talent for being overlooked. He arrived at Watkins Glen last week first in the run for the world driving championship and last on the lips of the enthusiasts gathered for the U.S. Grand Prix. Most people were talking about his two hard-pressing rivals: the magnificent Scot, Jimmy Clark, sentimental favorite of many to win his second consecutive title, and John Surtees, the silent, wonderfully skilled and dedicated Briton whose recent victories had given him a winning momentum.

There was much talk also of Enzo Ferrari's astounding decision to annoy Italian racing officials by painting his cars American blue and white rather than Italian red, of the pouffe encamped on the registration desk of the gloomy old Jefferson Hotel, of the college kids camping out above town at the racecourse and burning every signpost and hay bale they could lay hands on against the chill autumn air, of the local grape harvest and the fall foliage and the monster traffic jam that would clog the roads of this upstate New York village on race day.

Two days of practice on the Glen's

2.3-mile course tended further to camouflage Hill's presence. This year's speeds on the newly resurfaced course were faster from the start. Hill's record 1963 practice lap of 112.81 mph was quickly broken and when practice was over Clark had earned the pole with a new record lap of 113.9 mph. Surtees was close behind with 113.7 mph, followed not by Hill but that redoubtable American, Dan Gurney, in a British Brabham car. Hill could manage no better than fourth place on the starting grid.

But Hill was conspicuous when it counted. Before a rocking, roaring re-

and crowd of 65,000 he duelled furiously with Surtees and brought his dark-green British BRM home first by a margin of 30 seconds over his countryman's Ferrari as Clark dropped out of the race—and all but out of the title chase—with mechanical troubles.

Of the 19 cars that started on a grid headed by Clark, only eight finished, and Clark, who came into the contest with 30 points, was left standing still Sunday night. Hill wound up with 39 points to lead the standings and Surtees advanced to 34.

Pit-side calculators quickly perceived that in the last of the Grand Prix championship races, to be held October 25 in Mexico, Clark must win—with reservations—to take the world title. The reservations: Surtees must finish lower than second and Hill must finish lower than third.

Clark's mechanical failure was the big surprise of the Glen race. During Saturday's practice Tony Rudd, team manager for BRM, nodded discreetly toward the pit spectators behind him and said: "You see those two chaps? They are the two senior engineers from Coventry-Climax. The top men. They do not come to every race, you know." He pointed to Clark's Climax-engined Lotus racer. "They are here expressly to make the engine run and to make it run well."

"Thus I would be forced to pack Clark to win. We cannot play the waiting game. We must win or bust. Earlier we could perhaps drive more conservatively and save our engines. Here we must not. We dare not. We must risk breakdowns and hope our cars finish."

As the race began in a blur of fast cars against the autumn colors of the Glen's wooded setting it was Surtees in the blue-and-white Ferrari who seemed most eager to win or bust. The driver was convincing enough, but Americans conditioned to the flame-red hue of a generation of conquering Ferrari racers could not quite believe the paint job. Nor could Franco Lini, whose *Anno fa-loro* is one of the oldest and most respected of European motoring publications. He tried to explain.

"No one can deny that Ferrari is the true representative of Italian racing, right?" he said. "It has been this way for years: Italy and Ferrari, Ferrari and Italy. But now, unless Ferrari gains the

recognition he deserves from both the Italian government and the Italian Automobile Club, the dispute is otherwise too complicated to explain—then, alas, the red Ferrari color will race no more."

It was suggested that perhaps Ferrari was being a touch too emotional about all of this—whatever it was.

"My dears," shrugged Lini, his hands fluttering. "All Italians are emotional."

After one lap, Surtees was leading the field by several lengths. Hill was driving third in his dark-green BRM, setting a steady pace. ("Nothing happened," cracked Hill calmly after it was all over. "I just won the race, that's all.") By the 13th lap—after a record round at 112.96 mph—Clark burst into the lead, and then for a high-tension hour the three point leaders fought a no-quarter battle. But by the 44th lap, the terrible toll of Formula 1 racing claimed Clark. He angrily wheeled his Lotus-Climax into the pits for an engine check, rejoined the race, then later took over a teammate's car, which also failed.

At one point, the bearded Swede, Jo Bonnier, potted and inspected his Brabham-BRM then held up a broken wheel spindle. "I thought it was steering funny," he said. Other top drivers were out. Dan Gurney had moved into fourth position early in the race, running strong, but fell out with engine problems.

Amid this action, the Japanese Honda crew was staging a drama all its own. In practice leading up to the race, the 12-cylinder Honda, most powerful car on the track, had spun and narrowly missed a smashup. A hard-to-replace kingpin had been broken, reported Driver Ronnie Bucknum. After an emergency handle in Japanese, English and pidgin English, Honda chartered a plane to the West Coast to get the part.

"A kingpin," snorted one of the Ferrari crewmen disdainfully. "Flying to the Coast for a kingpin. That is why they lost the war." He paused, thoughtfully. "And come to think of it," he added, "that is why we lost the war, too."

The kingpin did not arrive, but Bucknum started the race after makeshift repairs. He did not finish.

At the end of the day, with a cold wind coming across the collegiate camp grounds, Graham Hill had quietly outdone them all. His average speed was 111.10 miles an hour—not spectacular

but sufficient. Surtees had averaged 110.69 mph, Switzerland's Jo Siffert, in third place with a Brabham-BRM, 109.20. From there, speeds ranged sharply downward.

Hill turned up in Victory Lane wearing a garland, his usual imperturbable look and a sponge-rubber bandage around his throat, a reminder of a wrenching accident in Europe earlier in the season.

It had been, for Watkins Glen, the wildest weekend of them all. Ford Motor Company, in a Madison Avenue-inspired move to lure the college crowd, had roped off a special parking area, coyly called it a "Mustang Corral" and invited the students to park their Mustangs in it. The kids did. They also ripped down all the signs and burned them to keep warm, and in a gesture of commercial impartiality lit a bonfire under a wooden CBS television tower, which was badly scorched.

But down at the Jefferson Hotel on Sunday night the poodle dozed peacefully. The bare of hands and roar of foreign cars couldn't move him. He had the last available spot in town in which to sleep. **END**

Beaming Hill happily lifts the U.S. trophy.



A SPECIAL KIND OF BRUTE WITH A LOVE OF VIOLENCE

For Linebacker Dick Butkus of Illinois, the good life consists mainly of picking apart a few blockers and mashing the ballcarrier, a habit that makes the Illini tough to beat

by **DAN JENKINS**



IN A PRACTICE SESSION BUTKUS SQUARES OFF BEFORE "STRIPPING DOWN A RUNNER"

If every college football team had a linebacker like Dick Butkus of Illinois (see cover), all fullbacks would soon be three feet tall and sing soprano. Dick Butkus is a special kind of brute whose particular talent is mashing runners into curious shapes. He is, in fact, the product of an era—an era that has seen his position properly glamorized by such professional primates as Sam Huff and Joe Schmidt, and an era that has fostered defensive specialists in college through the gradual easing up of substitution rules. But while the 1964 season has therefore uncaged a rare group of first-rate collegiate linebackers, there is only one Dick Butkus. No linebacker mashes as many opponents as this Illinois senior, and what is more he does it in the Big Ten, a conference that offers little else to mash except fellow brutes.

There are a lot of reasons why Butkus is the most destructive defensive player in collegiate football, one who personally made 145 tackles and caused 10 fumbles last season and who this season has a good chance to become the first lineman in 15 years to win the Heisman Trophy. The first reason is his size. Butkus is 6 feet 3 and weighs 243 pounds, which means that he is the biggest college linebacker on a list of exceptionally good ones that includes Texas' Tommy Nobis, Washington's Rack Redman, Auburn's Bill Cody, Duke's Mike Curtis, Arkansas' Ronnie Caveness, Georgia Tech's Dave Simmons and Rice's Malcolm Walker. While these players are just as tough and willing as Butkus, they cannot hit as hard because they simply are not as big. Butkus not only hits, he crushes and squeezes opponents with thick arms that also are extremely long. At any starting point on his build, he is big, well-proportioned, and getting bigger. Once this summer Butkus reached a hard 268 pounds, but he trimmed some of it off for fear of losing speed.

There are, to be sure, linebackers who are faster and quicker than Butkus—Texas' Nobis, for example, is perhaps the quickest of all—but none of them have Butkus' instinct for getting to the play.

"He has intuition," says Illinois Coach Pete Elliott, whose sudden success last year is traceable in part to the day he recruited Butkus. "On the first play of his first spring practice, before we had told him anything, he smelled

out a screen pass and broke it up. In two seasons Dick has only been out of one screen pass. By that I mean he either dignified them and forced an incompletion or got there and made the tackle."

Elliott says, "He's naturally great at jamming up the middle against running plays, and I would think the pros will certainly use him as a center linebacker. But somehow he manages to cover wide real good. He gets there, you know, because he wants to. Football is everything to him. When we have a workout canceled because of bad weather or something, he gets angry, almost despondent. He lives for contact."

Contact to Butkus is really only one thing: the moment of impact with the player unfortunate enough to have the ball. All of that other business, such as people humping into him, foolishly trying to block him, he ignores. He is busy—being to the fun which, he says, consists of "getting a good measure on a guy and stripping him down."

Linebackers have more of this fun than anyone, of course. In a sense, they are defensive quarterbacks. They prowling up and down the line behind their tackles and guards, anticipating where the daylight may occur so they can close it off. Their job is to secure all hatches. They must know when to gamble on a blitz—or dog or storm or shoot or blow, depending on your terminology—which is the act of a linebacker darting through a gap in the line on the snap and trying to smash a runner for a loss or snaffle a passer before he throws.

"I can shoot any time I want to," says Butkus, who calls Illinois' defensive signals. "Pete leaves it to me." On Illinois' normal defense it is reasonably safe for Butkus to put on the blitz because the tackles, 262-pound Archie Sinton and 234-pound Bill Minor, share the middle responsibility with him. They, too, have size, agility and experience. So, for that matter, do the guards, 220-pound Ed Washington and 215-pound Wylie Fox. In fact, Illinois' interior line, from tackle to tackle, is as strong and big and experienced—all are seniors—as any in the country. Consequently, no team wears itself out running inside on Illinois. "I don't see why they would," says Butkus, honestly. "Archie and the others can take care of things pretty good—even if I guess wrong on a shoot."

The guess begins as soon as an enemy has broken its huddle and the opposing quarterback has bent over to stare into Butkus' small, cold and dark eyes. "He's calling signals and I'm calling signals," says Butkus. "I look first at the formation. Then I look to see if a halfback is cheating a few inches. I look at the halfback's eyes, and then the quarterback's eyes and head. Some jokers, they throw in the first direction they look. I may decide at the last second that I'm gonna call a stunt, or that I'm gonna shoot. If I shoot, the thing I hope is that I get a good angle on the runner, or if I've played the pass that I can strip the guy down and make him

drop the ball. That takes it outta guys."

Butkus first began taking it out of opposing players as an All-America prep school fullback at Chicago Vocational High. Even then he preferred defense and made 70% of his team's tackles. As a member of a full-blooded Lithuanian family of nine, growing up in a blue-collar district of Chicago's South Side, Butkus had never known many sports other than football. He used to swim some and he tried baseball, but from the eighth grade on football was it. And Big Ten football was what he always looked forward to.

"I had a lot of offers," he says, innocently. "But I didn't never really

—continued—



BUTKUS AND HIS WIFE HELEN ENJOY A QUIET MOMENT IN THEIR CAMPUS APARTMENT

A black and white advertisement for Chivas Regal. The top half shows a bottle of Chivas Regal being poured into a large, ornate crystal decanter. The bottom half shows a smaller, square-based crystal decanter. The text is arranged around the central image, with a headline at the top left and several paragraphs of text on the right side. The overall tone is sophisticated and elegant.

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"Week by week, we just did our jobs, and finally we realized that by winning the last two games [Wisconsin and Michigan State] the title would be ours. The kids decided they wanted it, so we won. We knew we had some athletes, but we didn't know how much pride they had until then."

Elliott keeps talking about pride, and the reason is that pride more than ever must carry Illinois this season. Big Ten rules do not permit Illinois to return to the Rose Bowl, even if Elliott can repeat, so the conference championship—or a national title—must be the incentive. While it is a truism of football that the hardest teams to coach are those dominated by seniors who have been winners—a perfect description of the Illinois line—Elliott appears unalarmed. "I'm just ignoring that," he says, and then, sounding more like a college president than a coach, he adds, "We may lose some games, but as long as the kids show me they're doing their best, I'll be pleased."

Some of Illinois' best was urgently required in its opening game against California two weeks ago. The Bears, rallying behind new Coach Ray Walley and Quarterback Craig Morton, are no longer the whip dogs of the West Coast. Morton hurled them to a 21-16 upset over Missouri, and then trained his sights on the Illini. But Elliott's team was ready. Grabowski drilled out 114 yards, Custardo passed for two touchdowns, and Butkus was his usual brutish self. Illinois built a 20-6 lead, then held on to win, 20-14.

Illinois' frightening experience with Craig Morton paid a subtle dividend, however, for it prepared the secondary for another good thrower, Northwestern's Tom Myers. Last Saturday in Evanston the Illini intercepted four of Myers' passes. Two of them were taken by Butkus' superb linchhacking partner, Don Hansen, as Elliott's team again followed Quarterback Custardo to victory, 17-6. The game was so close that Butkus had to be used on offense—to block for key first-down yardage and lead punt coverage—and he responded in All-America style.

Now that these grueling preliminaries are out of the way, Illinois is preparing to play what must essentially be its best game if Pete Elliott is to remain a genius. This Saturday's opponent: Ohio State. The season is still fresh, but the Big Ten showdown, or the first in a series of them, is scheduled at Champaign

continued



Yogi Berra enjoys the good taste of a Phillies cigar



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where the 71,119 seats have long been sold. Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes believes—or says he believes—that he has a defense and linemen—Dwight Kelly and Tom Bugel—the equal of Dick Butkus. If the game is as wild as last year's in Columbus, both Hayes and Elliott will be worse insurance risks as a result. In that game Illinois got off to a 7-0 lead, but Ohio State went ahead 17-7 at the end of the third quarter. Two touchdowns put Illinois ahead again 20-17, but in the last frustrating two minutes, Ohio State's Dick Van Raaphorst kicked a 49-yard field goal to earn a 20-20 tie and narrowly missed another

"If I was smart enough to be a doctor, I'd be a doctor," Butkus says with chuckle. "But I ain't, so I'm a football player."



from a whopping 57 yards. Van Raaphorst is gone, but Woody Hayes isn't—and Woody has never lost a game in Champaign.

Thus Pete Elliott, the man who surprisingly restored Illinois' football dignity to the days of Bob Zuppke and Ray Eliot—the only other coaches Illinois has had in more than 50 years—by coming from seasons of 0-9 and 2-8 to a 1963 championship, is faced with an equally steep challenge. He must defend that dignity against Illinois' oldest and bitterest opponent in this season's first game matching Big Ten giants. At least he has one thing on his side—Dick Butkus. Says Butkus in anticipation of the big game: "I guess I'd rather play those jokers than anybody. There's always as much hitin' as you want in that one."

END



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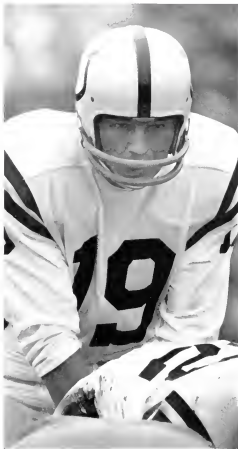
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THE MAKINGS OF A NEW PRO DYNASTY

The Colts, with excellent running to add to the threat of Unitas, have beaten the Packers, demolished the Bears and turned back the challenge of the Rams. Baltimore is on its way toward the NFL championship—now or later

by **TEX MAULE**

The domination of the NFL's Western Division by the Green Bay Packers, interrupted last year by the loss of Paul Hornung and injury to Bert Starr, now is being threatened by four young running backs—three of them virtually unknown and one prematurely famous (some might say notorious). All are employed by the Baltimore Colts and, thanks in part to them, the Colts are in first place after beating Green Bay and Los Angeles and demolishing the defending champion Chicago Bears 52-0.

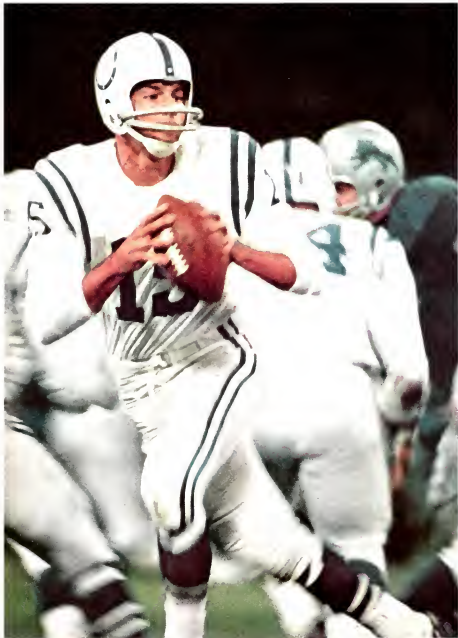
The four runners are Tom Matte, 25, who is in his fourth year with the Colts; Jerry Hill, 24, in his third; Tony Lonck, 23, a rookie; and another rookie, Joe Don Looney, 21. In themselves these young backs are nothing much as yet; what they provide is the balance the Colts have long and badly needed to replace the marvelous throwing arm of Johnny Unitas (left) and to spring the slashing halfback, Lenny Moore (right). Both of these results have been accomplished, and something more, most notably in the case of Looney, the New York Giants' first draft choice.

Looney is the young man who failed his indoctrination test with the Giants. The New York staff considered him moody and intractable, because he refused to cooperate with press agents and rebelled against the hazing most pro clubs inflict on rookies. To cite one example of the latter, the Giants expect rookies to help the trainers tape the ankles of veteran players before practice. Looney not only refused to do this chore but also refused to be taped himself. A resulting argument with Coach Albin Sherman brought a \$500 fine for Looney and, subsequently, a decision to trade him to the Colts. Obviously, Looney did not fit the Giant image. But he

(continued)

Old pros John Unitas (left) and Lenny Moore (right) finally have found the help they needed.





may be the perfect prototype of the new Colt image—he ran 58 yards for a touchdown against the Bears.

No one ever looked more like a pro back than Joe Don, who stands 6 foot 1, weighs 230 and is an exceptional runner, punter, blocker and receiver. When he arrived in Baltimore, Looney was given the usual silent treatment, but he was not subjected to the humiliating types of hazing. Moreover, when Looney spoke someone listened. One day, practicing punting, he was squibbing most of his kicks. Coach Don Shula asked him what was wrong. Looney complained that his punts were too tight. This might have seemed capricious in another player—or been so considered by another coach—but Shula took it seriously, noting that Looney's thighs bulge fantastically with muscle.

"Have special punts made for him," said Owner Carroll Rosenbloom, and soon Looney, in his new, bigger punts, was booming punts 70 yards and more. Shula put him on the kickoff team, and he worked off some of his aggressions barreling downfield and beheading would-be kickoff returners. By the time the Colts played the Chicago Bears in the third game of the season Looney was an accepted member of the team, and the personality problem he had in the Giant camp apparently was solved. He got into the game in the fourth period as a running back and promptly burst through the big Bear line, ran over a linebacker, shrugged off an arm tackle by the safety man and went on for a touchdown. He was mobbed by Colt players when he came to the bench; later in the game, slamming violently into the line again near the Bear goal line, he popped out of both his shoes and received another tumultuous greeting as he padded back to the sidelines, shoes in hand.

Tony Lorick, the other rookie in the backfield and the Colts' No. 2 draft choice, was never a problem for the coaches. Although arriving late from the All-Star camp, he showed brilliance during the exhibition games and really began to roll against the Bears. Lorick is not as big as Looney, but he hits with

almost the same power and with as much speed.

While Looney's contribution to the Chicago debacle—the worst defeat any Bear team has ever suffered—was a small one, it dramatically signified the rebirth of the Colts and perhaps the beginning of a new Baltimore dynasty. Despite an opening loss to the Vikings, fans—and experts—are now comparing the new Colts with the championship teams of 1958-59. This Colt team actually might be better, primarily because of its ground game. The players certainly think so.

After the rout of the Bears, Alex Hawkins, who plays on the Baltimore punt- and kickoff-return teams, sat happily in front of his locker.

"I wasn't surprised," he said. "We're that good. Maybe the Bears aren't that bad, but we're that good. It's been coming a long time. We just put it all together this afternoon, and we'll do it again."

John Unitas, who completed 11 of the 13 passes he threw, grinned. "We got the weapons now," he said. "They don't tee off anymore. They've got to look for the run, and they can't put on the pressure the way they used to. I think they only got to me twice all day."

In a game that is a matter of split seconds, the powerful Baltimore running attack actually gives Unitas about .4 second more in which to throw the ball, and that is all that he needs.

"We got a guy who times our pass patterns and our throws with a stopwatch," says Gary Cuozzo, who is only in his second year as a quarterback with the Colts but could one day approach the stature of Unitas.

"It takes 1.6 seconds to get back and set up," Cuozzo said. "After that, you got about another second and a half to get rid of the ball. Any time you go over four seconds from the snapback to the pass, you're in trouble. Last year we had less time to throw, because the defensive lines were firing out. They didn't have to wait or hesitate trying to read a run—they just came after the quarterback. Now they have to hesitate, and that hesitation gives us the extra time."

The new potency of the Baltimore

running game is pointed up in the comparison between offensive statistics last year and this. In 1963 Unitas, with no running attack to speak of, had to depend almost entirely on his passing. The air offense led the ground by a ratio of two to one, this season, through the first four games, the Colts had gained 787 yards through the air to 549 on the ground. The Colts are scoring more, too; after four games in 1963 they had nine fewer touchdowns than this year and only 71 points compared to 132. The time-eating ground offense has another helpful aspect: the Baltimore defense spends more time on the bench and, in consequence, is rested and ready when called upon.

Another important factor in the Colts' move into contention for the Western Division championship is Cuozzo, the young quarterback from Virginia who came to the club almost by accident. Because he was unable to move an inferior college team, Cuozzo was virtually unknown. He was overlooked in the draft and was signed by Baltimore as a free agent. Weeb Ewbank, coaching an All-Star postseason game, needed an extra quarterback. He had a choice of Cuozzo or another quarterback, who had been drafted by an American Football League team. Ewbank decided on Cuozzo because he did not want to give the AFL any unnecessary publicity, and Cuozzo impressed him so much that he signed the youngster as a free agent. Cuozzo is still with Baltimore, but Ewbank has gone into the AFL himself as coach of the New York Jets. No one gave Cuozzo much chance to stick with the club when he reposed as a rookie last year, but he had a strong, accurate arm and he was quick to learn.

"The best thing about him is that he is so smart," says Raymond Berry, the longtime Colt end. "When he came up, he was a little slow releasing the ball. I don't mean that his release was slow. He's got a quick arm. But like most college quarterbacks he waited too long for a receiver to break clear. I told him about it and we worked on it in practice, and now he throws the way Johnny does, anticipating the pattern and throwing ahead of where you are."

The Colt running attack has given receivers like Berry and Jimmy Orr a little more time for fakes, too.

"Last year I didn't bother with any

continued

deep fakes," Berry said. "We didn't have time. So you faked off the line and there was the ball. Now we have time for a little more."

Although Unitas throws less this year, he throws for longer gains, averaging better than three yards more per pass attempt than any other quarterback in the league. Cuozzo has played in only one game—against the Bears—but he was two for two, including a touchdown pass.

"The touchdown pass was on a pick play," he recalled after the game. "When I came out of the huddle I was surprised that the Bears weren't in a goal-line defense, but I figured the pick would work anyway, and it did." A pick play in football is almost exactly the same as a pick-off in basketball. The pass routes are designed so that one receiver picks off the defender assigned to another, not by blocking him, which would be illegal, but by getting in his way, which is or is not illegal, depending upon the judgment of the officials.

The Baltimore defense—after leaking 54 points against Minnesota and Green Bay—proved as strong as the offense in the Bear game. "We got stung in Minnesota trying to use a safety blitz," Shula says. "Tarkenton called a quick trap into it, and Mason was through and gone, with no one back there to stop him. We don't need gimmicky defenses. Usually when a club goes to offbeat defenses it is to try to hide a weakness, and I think now that we are pretty sound. We have more depth than we had; getting Lou Michaels from Pittsburgh gives us good relief for either Gino Marchetti or Orrell Braase at defensive end and gives us a good place-kicker. Fred Miller is in his second year at tackle, and he is doing a real job for us. Then John Diehl has taken off about 20 pounds, and at 270 he's much better than he was at 290."

"Of course, the big thing, though, is the running," Shula says. "We went along all last year without enough, and now all at once that's our strongest point. We've got five good ones. We're in great shape for the long haul, because we can take an injury anywhere and it won't be fatal to us. We could even lose Johnny for a game or so and be confident in Cuozzo." Cuozzo's only problem as quarterback now is to contain himself as he sits on the bench and watches the best quarterback in the game

in action. He has little hope of taking over from Unitas for years to come, but he has rationalized this.

"I'm learning a lot," Cuozzo said the other day as the club worked out in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. "It's hard keeping your enthusiasm up sitting on the bench and I wish I could play more, but the thing we have to do is win, and Johnny stays in there. But in practice, like today, Coach is very fair to me. He lets me run the club just as much as Johnny does; we usually run alternate plays, so I don't spend much time standing around. So when I get in a game I'm just as ready as Johnny is. I'm used to throwing to the good receivers because I've thrown to them all week long, and I'm used to the timing of the first-string backs because I've been handing off to them."

It was Cuozzo who handed off to Looney on his spectacular 58-yard run, and it was Cuozzo who called the play, since Shula seldom sends a play in.

"They were in a gap defense," Cuozzo said. "I didn't have to call an audible. Then Joe Don did a real job of running."

Alex Sandusky, the chunky offensive guard, said: "The runners are making our job real easy this year. Especially on pass-protection blocking. Last year, when every line we saw fired out after Johnny and conceded us the run, the blocks were tough, because you never had time to set up. For effective pass-protection blocking against the big tackles in this league you have to be set and balanced and stay on your feet, but they were coming across the line so fast that sometimes we were off balance and they would go right through us to the quarterback. Now they have to wait that split second to read run, and that gives us time to get set. It makes the blocking easier for the run, too."

Shula's offense is no different from most in the league, since pro football coaching is a cannibalistic profession in which each coach lifts whatever he needs from films of other coaches' teams. But Shula is strong on detail, and this pays off in the performance of the Colt special teams—the kickoff and punt and kickoff-return and punt-return squads.

"We take pride in our work," says Alex Hawkins, who is on most of the special teams. "We want to get down

there and keep the kickoff return inside their 20. Or get our own kickoff return outside the 40. We get graded on the special teams just as carefully as Coach grades the players on the offensive and defensive teams. We do a lot of work on returns, for instance."

Against the Bears, Tony Lorick brought one kickoff back 71 yards, setting up a Colt touchdown.

"It seemed to me like we were getting the ball on the Bear 40-yard line every time I went in," Unitas said. "That makes a big difference. You got them in the hole all the time, and you are in a field position where you can use any play you like."

In the dressing room after the Bear slaughter, the Colts were not particularly exuberant.

"They were hurt pretty bad," Shula pointed out. "They had Larry Morris out and a defensive end, then Fortunato and George got hurt during the game. So they won't be that easy next time around, and we know it. But we put everything together today. It has been coming a long time, since the second half of last year. I think we may be on the way now. I sure hope so."

Gino Marchetti, who came out of retirement to strengthen the Colt defensive line, looked very tired. He is a massive man, and he did not report until the exhibition season was nearly over, and in consequence has not had as much conditioning as the rest of the club. Like Andy Robustelli of the Giants, Marchetti is a playing coach. He had spent most of the afternoon in close pursuit of Bill Wade.

"What we are doing this year is beating the clubs that beat us last year," Marchetti said. "That is our plan. Coach Shula has us pointing that way, and we're going for it."

The Bears and the Packers each defeated the Colts twice last season.

"What did you think?" Carroll Rosenbloom asked a dressing-room visitor. "Are we as good as we looked?"

The Colts may be even better than they looked. With so many young football players, the club should improve steadily.

"That was the best game we've played in five years," Lenny Moore said, taking the spatslike white adhesive tape off his shoes. "It won't be the best game for the next five, though."

END



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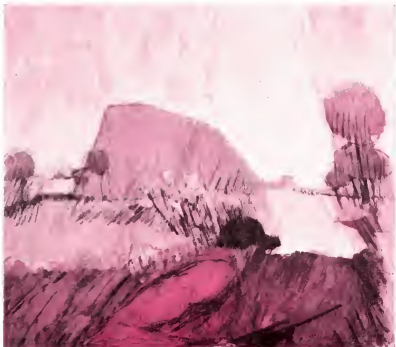
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WHERE THE ANTELOPE PLAY

From a vantage point high above the vast, windswept plains of eastern Montana, the search begins with the sun's first slanting rays as two hunters look for pronghorn antelope through binoculars and rifle scope. Once a herd is spotted, the hunters will try a decoying stalk (below), using their pickup truck to distract the game while one of the riflemen crawls into position for a long, standing shot. Although antelope appeared to be heading for extinction by the turn of the century, their survival has now been virtually guaranteed by the efforts of aroused conservationists and the wise management of game technicians. The antelope population of the U.S. is now close to 400,000, and this fall's kill—some 80,000 hunters will come home from the prairie with an antelope—represents a well-controlled and desirable harvest. On these and the following pages Artist Bill Shields portrays some of the more unforgettable moments of a Montana hunt. For more on this unique and striking animal—where he is hunted and how—see page 52.



Paintings by Bill Shields



An impressionistic painting of a landscape. A large, dark tree with some autumnal foliage stands on the left. In the background, a hill is visible with two small figures of hunters on its crest. The foreground is a mix of dark, textured brushstrokes and lighter, more defined areas. The overall style is expressive and painterly.

Gutless but alert antelope, their powder-puff rumps bright against a dull, parched prairie, watch two incognito hunters top a rise between buttes. In a moment the hunted will trot safely out of rifle range.





In the brilliant glow of a western sunset a buck antelope is carried up a grassy draw to a pickup truck. Before leaving the prairie for the ride back to town, the lucky hunter, after patient hours of squinting through binoculars across the rolling land and a successful, heart-pounding stalk, poses proudly in the traditional manner with his trophy pronghorn.



A neon oasis on the great broad plains, the little cow town of Ekalaka, Mont. (right) welcomes visiting antelope hunters. Tired from a long day in the open, their jeans, cartridge belts and boots caked with dust, they roll into town to stock up on supplies, eat fried steak and discuss the day's success or lack of it over drinks and cards at the local cafés.



ACHES, PAINS AND PRIZES

From the Continental Divide to the Dakotas, the antelope country of eastern Montana—thousands of square miles of rolling plains covered with short grass and sagebrush, out of which spring sharp ridges, high rimrock benches and tumbled badlands—has been variously described as lonely, monotonous and forbidding. For most of the year these descriptions are precise enough. The bitter winters often bring temperatures of 40° below zero, and summer droughts bake the prairie until it wrinkles and cracks like a dried prune. The annual rainfall seldom reaches 10 inches, yet a heavy shower can fill the dry creeks and arroyos and turn the prairie to mud. But in October—the antelope season—the weather is at its most bearable, and a hunter exulting over his first pronghorn antelope might even look fondly on this remote and rugged part of the West.

It doesn't take a hunter very long to figure out that the prairie is *not* as flat as it appears. Stretched out and low to the ground, antelope can gallop along at close to 60 mph, and a herd of 40, their white rump hairs erect and shining like heliographs in the sun, can vanish over a rise that is barely visible through binoculars. Usually they will pop up again a mile or so away and browse restlessly, keeping the hunter in sight but out of rifle range. Shooting such a perceptive animal is not simply a matter of patience or skill. The hunter makes exhausting stalks on nervous herds by running crouched over through cottonwood-choked gullies and dry washes that score the prairie. His lips crack from the wind, and the dust he inhales clogs his sinuses and leaves his mouth as dry as the land. His belly and bottom are jabbed raw by prickly-pear cactus spines and sharp rocks. His joints ache from jolting over the prairie in a pickup truck. He comes on prairie rattlers lying torpid in the hot, midday sun and lives to tell the tale—over and over.

But the antelope hunter happily wel-



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comes such misery, for his chances of bagging an antelope are very good indeed. Next to the deer, the antelope is the country's most heavily harvested big-game animal, and this fall more than four of every five hunters lucky enough to draw permits in 14 states will bring home antelope. The biggest kill—more than 70%—will be in Montana and Wyoming, two of seven states that permit nonresident riflemen to participate in the drawings. Hunters are more than welcome on most ranches, and the landowner will often help them locate antelope. The hunter with limited time would do well to hire one of the outfitters to be found in nearly every prairie town.

The fact that there are close to 400,000 antelope in western North America today is a tribute to one of the most successful game-management campaigns in history. Between 1850 and 1900 there was open season on anything that moved on the plains, and by the time Dr. Brewster Higley wrote the cowboy classic *Home on the Range* in 1873 the word about antelope was indeed discouraging. At the turn of the century less than 20,000 antelope remained of the estimated 50 million that once roamed freely over the plains from Illinois to the Pacific Ocean and from the Canadian prairies south into Mexico. Those that did survive the Indians, market hunters and early settlers were already imprisoned on a prairie habitat that was being methodically fenced, plowed and overgrazed by cattle and sheep.

Finally Westerners awoke to the fact that the antelope was going the way of the bison—and a conservation conscience manifested itself on the plains. Game departments throughout the West closed all seasons. Antelope refuges were established through the efforts of the Boone and Crockett Club and the National Association of Audubon Societies. The Federal Government sponsored predator-control campaigns, and wildlife experts elicited the aid of stockmen by showing them that the antelope's diet consisted to a great extent of sagebrush and forbs, and it was therefore not a serious competitor to livestock on grazing land. Between 1946 and 1952 Montana game men moved 4,200 antelope to areas where native populations were small or nonexistent. The Montana herd has increased from 12,000 in 1940 to more than 100,000 today. So successful have such trapping and restocking programs been that several states now have all the antelope that can be

continued



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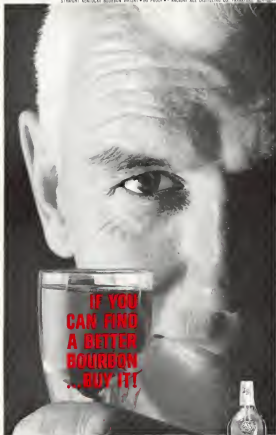
The pronghorn antelope (*Antilocapra americana*, or American goat-antelope) is native to North America and not even remotely related to the antelopes of Africa or Asia. Though considered a big-game animal, antelope are surprisingly small and slight. A mature buck stands about three feet tall at the shoulders and weighs, on the average, 115 pounds. His fragile outer horn shells are shed every year and new ones grow in. The doe frequently has horns, but they rarely extend beyond her long, pointed ears. All but two antelope states permit hunters to shoot bucks and does, and the average harvest is two bucks for every doe.

Despite the high hunter success, the sharp-eyed pronghorn is indeed a challenging animal. Long shots—at least 200 yards and often twice that far—are common and, from 400 yards across a wind-blown prairie, even a standing antelope is a difficult target. Most hunters take running shots with all the confidence of a 13-year-old doing the frug in her first strapless dress.

Were it not for the wire fences that enclose the antelope in large pastures on much of its range, the annual hunter harvest would be cut considerably. Antelope can leap 20-foot ditches, and they will jump eight feet straight up in the air inside a trapping pen. But only rarely will they jump over a fence, preferring instead to slide under or squeeze through it when they can. Predictably, not a few hunters take unfair and illegal advantage of this foible by herding antelope into fence corners with trucks, jeeps, trail scooters and even golf carts, and then mowing them down.

Encroaching civilization and poor game management may soon eliminate antelope from much of their present range. But the large, carefully controlled herds in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska and the Dakotas should provide sport for many years. Says Washington State University Zoologist Helmut K. Buechner: "The pronghorn can be perpetuated as an economic asset in excellent harmony with other land-use objectives"—which means that the hunter can continue to broil antelope steaks over a crackling prairie campfire and then head for home with his prize and the happy memories of the misery he endured to bag it.

—DUNCAN BARNES



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"The place where you keep your checking account"

The weighty matters of the campaign ought to be saved until after the World Series when the voters are paying more attention, said would-be New York Senator **Robert F. Kennedy**. Accordingly, Senator **Kenneth Keating** mentioned no issues but made friends among the baseball crowd by dropping in on a Mets game at Shea Stadium. Keating, of course, conferred conspicuously with Casey Stengel, but up till then nobody knew Stengelese was catching. Keating's later description of the game he saw: "I was a good omen because the Mets scored one run when I was there and then there were two men on base when the last batter came up and if he had hit a home run which he didn't and in the next inning someone else had hit a home run the Mets would have won so you can see it was pretty close to winning."

Although sharing a strong family resemblance and a love of the stage, **Geraldine Chaplin** and father **Charlie** part company as ophiophiles. So, to celebrate her 20th birthday in London, Geraldine gave herself a five-foot (and growing) python and pecked off to the Continent. "I adore all animals," she said,

studiously casual and fondling embraceable Emily (*below*), "but I have a weakness for snakes. They are less demonstrative than dogs, make less noise, take up less room and are a pleasure to travel with. Besides," she added while the French *dansieur* backed off, "for a young dancer like myself it's a treat to watch them move. Their suppleness and elegance are incomparable."

A&P heir **Huntington Hartford** changed the name from Hog Island to Paradise Island but it must be true about the silk purse and the sow's ear. His society resort in the Bahamas is up for grabs for \$32 million—but he'llicker and maybe throw in Field Stumps. The island's elegant little hotel was just too small to sustain such luxuries as Pancho Gonzalez and Paradise Tennis. Said Hartford's real-estate broker: "You can't pay the salaries of people like Pancho and Gary Player, the resident pros, with only 52 paying guests."

The things that money won't buy! There stood **Cassius Clay**, to cite an instance, in a Miami haberdashery poised to pay out \$300 for a matched set of those balloon-sleeved custom silk shirts his friend Jackie Gleason likes to wear. And already abroad was the news that Cassius was packing a gilt, single-shot .22 caliber derringer. "It's an antique," said Clay, but his pawnbroker said, "Who's he kidding? It's slightly used and I let him have it for \$14." Well, anyway, Clay's life has been threatened at one time or another, and maybe he was getting prepared for the worst. "Shook" snorted the champ. "If I was afraid somebody was going to come after me, I'd get a great big pistol—one that shoots nine times without stopping."

The president of Avis Rent A Car, **Winston V. Morrow Jr.**, was shaken, and who could blame him? His incentive-minded "We try harder" buttons had fallen into the wrong hands

—namely, those of the seniors on Princeton's varsity football team, who were awarding them to underclassmen showing exceptional team effort. For Harvardman Morrow (Law '50) the outlook for next month's Tiger-Crimson game was dark: either way he lost.

Wise and witty, Pittsburgh's bishop **John J. Wright** is not loth to put both faculties to work at once, as he did when he rose in the aula of St. Peter's and told the world's assembled Catholic bishops: "*Unamquamque legimus aut bene aut male de curia Hippodromo seu curriculum equorum secusum formam equi sui progressu*." Freely translated, Bishop Wright was saying a man judges a race-track on the basis of how well his horse runs. He was reminding delegates to Vatican Council II that the laity would judge them strictly on what they had to say about the laity.

The shoeshine boy on a sidewalk in New York was once within gibbing distance of the world heavyweight championship. But that was before **Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson** (*below*) met his match in Floyd Patterson and Eddie Machen and was banned

from the ring in 1957 for being physically unfit. "I'm trying to get me a good job—like helper on a truck," Hurricane told a newspaperman, "but it's tough with all those foreigners coming in. People are surprised to see me here. They ask what happened to all my money and I say 'I don't know' because I don't. I give free shins sometimes. You know, a shine, a real nice shine, can make you feel good and clean all over."

While the **Duke of Windsor**, sweating in his tweeds, stalked after the girls at the first women's international golf championship near Paris, reporters trotted along behind sweeping up the nuggets he scattered. "This is the first time I have ever watched women's golf," he said, "and I can see they play admirably. I fear they could give me a stroke on each hole. I never really count my strokes, though. I play for the fun of it. But notice that American **Barbara McIntire**. She's so smooth she must be a machine." What, Your Royal Highness, distinguishes the women golfers from the men golfers, one reporter-in-depth asked. The Duke reflected a bit. "Sex," he said.



New coat of paint on the old Kentucky home

The University of Kentucky football team has known some miserable afternoons in recent years, but successive upset victories over Mississippi and Auburn herald happier days

An upset in college football usually occurs by accident—when a passer throws to a different-colored jersey, maybe, or when a placement kicker waves to his mother in the box seats and then puts his toe squarely into the knuckles of a teammate holding the ball. There are no freak explanations, however, for the two biggest upsets of 1964, both of which are still smoldering in the Southeastern Conference, where the University of Kentucky has suddenly learned to enjoy a sport other than basketball again. Two weeks ago Kentucky upset Ole Miss 27-24, and last Saturday night in Lexington the Wildcats upset Auburn 20-0. Both scores continue to look like typographical errors, but the simple explanation is that Kentucky quite obviously has one of the very best teams in the U.S.

Followers of Mississippi may care to argue that the powerful Rebels had an off day against Kentucky, a team they are accustomed to beating without much trouble. And Auburn rooters will be quick to point out that All-America Quarterback Jimmy Sidle was hampered

by an injured shoulder and that, moreover, the team was unsettled by the news that earlier in the week its mascot, War Eagle IV, was found shot—the victim of a trigger-happy hunter in the woods near Birmingham. But even on a good day Ole Miss would have had trouble overcoming the 415 yards of total offense Kentucky rolled up in Jackson. And as for Jimmy Sidle, he could have had four good arms and War Eagle sitting on his shoulder and not done much better.

For Kentucky, the heroes were Halfback Rodger Bird, End Rick Kestner and Quarterback Rick Norton, all juniors, all native-grown and all hardened and viciously disciplined under the Bear Bryant type of coaching that is practiced by Charley Bradshaw. On defense the same three Wildcats were just as tough. Kestner made repeated stops of the Auburn power sweeps that netted Sidle 1,006 yards last year. Bird and Norton came up from their defensive secondary positions to help contain Sidle's running partner, Tucker Frederickson, who fumbled twice from the impact of Ken-

tucky's swarming tacklers. Sidle, despite his painful shoulder injury, still showed flashes of brilliance. Running outside, sending Frederickson inside, and connecting on nine passes, he mustered drives of 52, 53, 47 and 65 yards only to see each one perish short of Kentucky's goal line.

The worst moment of all for Auburn—and the decisive play of the evening—came early in the third quarter. With Kentucky holding only a 7-0 lead, Sidle had his team moving. Twice he passed to Frederickson, for 16 and 12 yards. Then he ran a sweep for 35 yards to give Auburn a first down on the Wildcats' seven. It looked as if the momentum had shifted.

But Frederickson made only four yards in two plays, and on third down Sidle lost two, fumbling the snap. Then came disaster. On fourth down, as Sidle stepped back to pass, Rick Kestner crashed into him. Falling, Sidle flipped a feeble afterthought pass into the flat—and there was Kentucky's Rodger Bird. Or rather there went Rodger Bird.



KEY PLAY SHOWS AUBURN'S SIDLE TOSsing PASS (LEFT) WHICH KENTUCKY'S BIRD (21) INTERCEPTED FOR A 56-YARD TOUCHDOWN

He raced 95 yards to the Kentucky touchdown that put Auburn 14 points behind. Practically speaking, the game was over.

"That was the finest game we've played since I've been here," said a happy Charley Bradshaw after the game. But then Bradshaw has not had many "fine" games since he has been at Kentucky. His two-year record at the start of this season was 6-11-3, and it did not seem likely that 1964 would see much of an improvement. Bradshaw believes the reason for the change lies somewhere between the dedicated attitude of the players and their ability to execute the game's fundamentals.

"We're getting tremendous leadership on the field," he says. "But we've also simplified our offense. We do the same things over and over and hope to eliminate mistakes by learning to do a few things well."

There are just three seniors on the squad, the last members of his famous, or infamous, "survival school" of 1962, a rugged preseason period that saw half the team quit (SI, Oct. 8, 1962). Bradshaw's penchant for superb physical conditioning is so great that last year Kentucky got caught training when it should not have been, and the NCAA imposed a probation on the Wildcats that will prevent them from playing in any postseason game. With most of its strong opponents already taken care of—LSU is the only power left—Kentucky almost certainly would be a strong bowl candidate if it were eligible. For long-suffering Kentucky, however, winning seems to be its own reward.

"Just like Coach Bradshaw has been saying since he got here," said Rick Kestner after the Auburn game, "it just takes a little extra effort to go first-class. That's what we've been giving." Said Rodger Bird: "Sir, we're not playing super football. We're just playing like we knew we could."

Defeated Auburn, a talented, experienced preseason SEC favorite, is in good position to know why Kentucky football has now fully recovered.

"For one thing," said Jimmy Sidle, "Rick Norton is the best passer in the Southeastern Conference."

And Auburn Coach Shug Jordan added, "Kentucky is very quick, very fast and extremely dangerous because Norton and Bird and Kestner are quite obviously great."

Just as obviously, with virtually an all-junior squad, Kentucky will be a team to watch for some time.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. KENTUCKY (3-0)
2. ALABAMA (2-0) 3. LSU (2-0)

While KENTUCKY was making Auburn and the rest of the Southeastern Conference sit up and take notice, mississippi was still in a state of shock from its losing game against the Wildcats a week earlier. Houston had Ole Miss on the run for more than a half until Quarterback Jim Weatherly threw and ran for touchdowns and the tough Cougars succumbed 31-9.

ALABAMA, too, sputtered for a while against Vanderbilt. After a scoreless first half Joe Namath, the quarterback the pros covet most, passed for two touchdowns and ran 15 yards for a third, leading "Bama" to victory 24-0. TENNESSEE dusted off the old Statue of Liberty play to spring Hal Wantland for a 13-yard run that put the Vols ahead of Mississippi State 14-7. Perhaps aroused by this bit of trickery, State attempted some of its own when it scored later in the game. The Maroons faked a kick for the extra point and then punted instead. But Tennessee stopped the play cold and won the game 14-13.

Maryland's Tom Nugent was another who got too cagey. After his Terps took a 13-0 lead over NORTH CAROLINA STATE, Nugent decided to try for two points "to make State go for two" if it scored. It was disastrous strategy. Maryland failed, and when the Wolfpack caught up on Charlie Noggles' second touchdown all it needed was a kick by Gus Andrews to win 14-13. Wake Forest's bubble popped. NORTH CAROLINA closed in on the Deacons' sweeps and whipped them 23-0. VIRGINIA, after eight winless years against Virginia Tech, upset the Gobblers 20-17 on Tom Hodges' two-yard pass to Larry McInerney with 20 seconds to play.

GEORGIA and SOUTH CAROLINA played to a 7-7 tie. BUT LORIDA STATE's big quarterback, Steve Terni, flooded New Mexico State's uncertain secondary with passes in the Scrimmages won easily, 36-0. GEORGIA TECH, in between fumbles and some plodding football, got a 34-yard touchdown pass from Quarterback Jerry Priestley and a 54-yard run by Halfback Johnny Gresham to beat Clemson 14-7. Clemson's old-folksy Frank Howard was philosophical about the defeat. "They just beat our squeeze play with two home runs," he quipped.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ILLINOIS (2-0)
2. OHIO STATE (2-0) 3. MICHIGAN (2-0)

Rarely has the Big Ten done so well against outsiders, especially those from the West Coast. MICHIGAN STATE smothered a brand-

new defense that caught second-ranked USC with its blocks missing. Coach Duffy Daugherty pulled a tackle out of the line and replaced him with a fifth defensive back, giving State, in effect, a double cover. It stopped the Trojans' sprint-out passes, diffused their power plays and led the Spartans to a 17-7 upset. A 49-yard field goal by barefoot kicker Dick Kenney, a two-yard plunge by Clint Jones and Harry Ammon's 22-yard pass to Gene Washington accounted for the Michigan State scoring. "Just a case of effort transcending ability," insisted Duffy whimsically.

Just as shocking was IOWA'S 28-18 victory over 10th-ranked Washington. The Hawkeyes caught the Huskies where they hurtmost, in their pass defense. Quarterback Gary Snook completed 19 of 32 passes for 215 yards and two touchdowns. MICHIGAN, seen apart last year by Navy's Roger Staubach, was in no mood to let him do it again. The Wolverines knew that Staubach could not run on his ailing ankle, so they went at him with a frenzied rush, intercepting two of his passes and forcing his receivers into two costly fumbles. Meanwhile Quarterback Bob Timberlake probed the Middle defense with fake passes and roll-outs, and sophomore Backs Carl Ward, Jim Denwiler and Dave Fischer pounded away on the ground as Michigan won 21-0.

Only Purdue faltered, to an old neighbor, NOTRE DAME. The "new look" Irish hustled the Boilermaker runners and passers to distraction with a pro-type 4-4 defense, and Quarterback Johnny Huarte did the rest. He threw for two touchdowns as Notre Dame won 34-15.

"Big brothers" ILLINOIS and OHIO STATE warmed up for their face-to-face combat this Saturday. The Illini, led by Quarterback Fred Custardo, squeaked Northwestern 17-6. Ohio State, shocking even Woody Hayes' harshest critics with a sudden love for the pass (Don Unverhorst completed 15 of 23 for 164 yards), desperately needed three goal-line interceptions by Safety Arnold Chonko, the last with 14 seconds to play, to hold off precocious Indiana 17-9.

Everyone expected the Big Eight to have an open race. Alas, no one, however, anticipated that OKLAHOMA STATE, last in 1963, would be the team to beat. The Cowboys got even with Missouri on Glenn Beverly's 65-yard pass to Larry Elliott and then won 10-7 on Charlie Durko's 49-yard field goal. NEBRASKA was still a contender after taking Iowa State 14-7, but the Huskers lost Quarterback Fred Duda with a broken leg. KANSAS STATE outscored Colorado 16-14, while Kansas lost to WYOMING 17-14.

continued

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. SYRACUSE (2-0)
2. ARMY (2-0) 3. NAVY (2-0)

SYRACUSE's Ben Schwartzwalder was saying just the other day, "Eddie Anderson is one football coach I really respect. He's a real gentleman." For a while last Saturday, Schwartzwalder probably had some second thoughts about his old buddy Anderson's Holy Cross team lit into Syracuse for a first-quarter touchdown, wrapped the Orange in a stifling defense and led 8-0 at half time. Then Tackle Gerry Everling picked off a Holy Cross pass and ran it back 18 yards for a touchdown. Fullback Jim Nance ripped the Crusader line for two scores and Quarterback Walley Mable even threw a touchdown pass. Syracuse won 34-8.

PITT finally won a game. With Quarterback Fred Mazurek pitching for 141 yards and running for 87 more, the Panthers smothered William & Mary 34-7. But Penn State, off to its worst start ever, lost again, this time to OREGON 22-14. Penn State led 7-6 at the half, but in the third quarter the game went down the drain. The bumbling Lions fumbled the ball away four times and Oregon Quarterback Bob Berry (who completed 17 of 32 for 308 yards and all three touchdowns) passed for two scores. "It was the most horrible 15 minutes I've spent in my life," brooded Penn State's Rip Engle.

VILLANOVA's Dave Connell completed only two passes but both were good for touchdowns as the Wildcats beat VMI 27-7. Rutgers edged Connecticut 9-3, while MASSACHUSETTS took Buffalo 24-22. But Delaware, another small-college power, was upset by GETTYSBURG 22-19.

The conservative Ivy League was loaded with surprises. The first time PRINCETON, an old-fashioned single wing team, got the ball against Columbia, it sent Fullback Cosmo

Jacovazzi booming 61 yards for a touchdown out of a reconstructed I formation. He did it again later to set up another score. Meanwhile Archie Roberts tried to buntle the tough Tigers alone. Despite a frightening rush that had him running for his life most of the time, Archie completed 19 passes for a new Ivy record. Princeton won anyway, 23-13. Harford, caught up in a passing battle with little MICHIGAN, was outpitched 24-21. Cornell was shocked, too, by COLGATE 8-3. Otherwise things were normal, as new edged Penn 3-0 on Tom Menell's 32-yard field goal; DARTMOUTH ran over Boston U. 28-6; YALE routed Lehigh 54-0 for its 600th football victory since 1872.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (2-0)
2. ARIZONA (2-0) 3. RICE (2-0)

In Austin's steamy Memorial Stadium the eyes of 66,000 loyal Texans stared out of the darkness in disbelief last Saturday night. They had just watched Army's talented Rolfe Stichweh bruise No. 1-ranked TEXAS with his running and passing while the big Cadet line, bravely stunting in a 5-3-3 defense, pushed the proud Longhorns around shamefully in the first half. Even more startling, Army led 6-3. In the locker room Coach Darrell Royal told his team, "I don't feel you're very aggressive." In the second half things changed. The Cadets' defense was not quite as puzzling, and Ernie Koy, a 220-pound tailback, slashed aggressively away at the weary Army front. Koy scored twice, from the five and the one, as Texas pulled it out, 17-6, for its 14th straight.

ARKANSAS, meanwhile, had a romp. Fred Marshall picked apart TCU's loose secondary with 12 passes for 148 yards, and the Porkers turned two interceptions into touchdowns, as the helpless Frogs went down

29-6. RICH's Walt McReynolds completed seven of nine passes for two scores to lead the Owls past West Virginia 24-0. RYAN TCU's flashy Dotny Anderson ran through Texas A&M for 129 yards as Tech squeaked out a 16-12 victory.

Bayler could not match OREGON STATE's brain trust. Coach Tommy Prothro, from his perch in the press box, called the plays. Quarterback Paul Brothers executed them perfectly (for 117 yards passing, 95 running), and the Beavers upset Baylor 13-6.

THE BEST

BACK OF THE WEEK: Quarterback Larry Zeno, UCLA's expert handyman, was the whole show against Stanford. Zeno completed 15 of 21 passes for three touchdowns, ran for a fourth and kicked three extra points.

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Jim Carroll, hard-hitting, 225-pound Notre Dame guard, harassed Purdue backs all afternoon. He was in on 21 tackles, led a tough Irish defense that held the Boilermakers to 82 yards.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (2-0)
2. UCB (2-1) 3. OREGON (2-0)

Although WASH STATE, in the words of Coach Murray Warmath, "made a lot of little mistakes like fumbles and jumping on guys who called for five catches," the Gophers undermined California 26-20. Some 50,000 at Berkeley hoped that a win over Missouri and a narrow loss to Illinois meant the Bears were golden again. But California's defeat, its 12th straight by a Big Ten team, did nothing to sustain that illusion, even though Quarterback Craig Morton completed 17 of 29 passes for 259 yards under fearful pressure. Minnesota passer John Hankinson threw for two touchdowns, Fullback Mike Reid scored 14 points and the fast-charging line restricted the Bears to 46 yards.

UCLA's Larry Zeno was responsible for all his team's points in a 27-20 victory over Stanford as the angry Bruins continued to defy preseason predictions. Leading by only one point with 3:22 to go, the Bruins frustrated a two-point Stanford conversion attempt, then scored an insurance touchdown.

Doinfrodren Brigham Young dedicated its nice new stadium by giving WAC favorite NEW MEXICO more football than it wanted, but the Lobos still won 26-14. Leading throughout, ARIZONA STATE beat Wichita 24-18 for its 11th consecutive victory. ARIZONA let its first team watch the remainder of a 28-12 win from the bench after running on a fast touchdown lead against Washington State early in the second half. Colorado State drove to the Falcon 13 in the final minutes before conceding a 14-6 loss to AIR FORCE.

END

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Army over Penn State. State lacks the quarterbacking to match Army's Stichweh.

Syracuse over UCLA. A tougher defense will hand the Bruins their first defeat.

Mississippi over Florida. Both defend tenaciously, but Ole Miss passes better.

Kentucky over Florida State. Kentucky is stronger at moving the ball.

LSU over North Carolina. The Bengals are stronger up front and quicker on the attack.

Illinois over Ohio State. But the Illini will find the Bucks' defense worrisome.

Michigan over Michigan State. The Wolverines have faster backs and more of them.

Texas over Oklahoma. Texas' ball-control game will stifle the downpouring Sooners.

Arkansas over Baylor. The Porkers are more versatile. Baylor lacks runners.

Washington over Oregon State. The Huskies, however, must be alert against passes.

OTHER GAMES

ALABAMA OVER N. CAROLINA STATE

ARIZONA OVER NEW MEXICO

BOSTON COLLEGE OVER TENNESSEE

DUKE OVER MARYLAND

NAVY OVER GEORGIA TECH

NEBRASKA OVER SOUTH CAROLINA

NOTRE DAME OVER AIR FORCE

PRINCETON OVER DARTMOUTH

PYTHON OVER WISCONSIN

UTAH OVER UTAH

*National TV

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

11 RIGHT, 3 WRONG

LAST WEEK'S RECORD: 30-21-1



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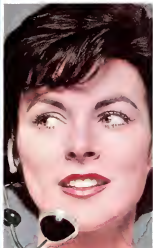
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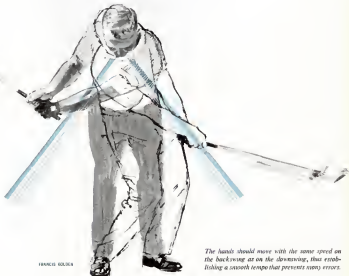
Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Swing with the rhythm of a metronome

Many golfers, touring pro and weekend player alike, are so concerned with the mechanics of the grip and the swing that they often overlook an important element of good golf: tempo or rhythm. By this I mean the rate at which the club is taken back and then brought down into the ball. The two phases of the swing, the backswing and the downswing, should be carried out at pretty much the same tempo. The club head will always travel much faster coming down than going back, but the hands will not. Thus they should establish the tempo. If you have a fast backswing the downswing should also be fairly fast; otherwise you will lose momentum and therefore distance. If your backswing is slow and the downswing too fast, you are likely to lose control of the club at the top of the swing and thus have trouble hitting the ball straight. So work at maintaining a uniform speed.

Another consideration is whether the present speed of your swing is right for you. Maybe you are using a slow, leisurely tempo when a fast one would work more effectively. Or vice versa. You must find the tempo best suited for you, and you will not find it accidentally. You must learn how fast you can take the club back and still maintain momentum, balance and control on the downswing. Instead of being satisfied with the tempo you are now using—and after all, who is ever satisfied with his golf game?—try experimenting on the practice tee to see if a change improves your shots.

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FRANCIS HOLDS

The hands should move with the same speed on the backswing as on the downswing, thus establishing a smooth tempo that prevents many errors.



Two old shoestringers jolt the jet set

Men spend millions trying to break the land-speed record, but last week on the Bonneville Salt Flats two brothers who don't speak—except to the record book—pushed the mark way up with home-built hot rods

As the shadows grew menacingly long over the Bonneville Salt Flats last Friday afternoon, everyone did his sympathetic best not to notice. In the timers' shack half a dozen white-clad United States Automobile Club officials sat silent and bored, their wooden chairs tipped back.

It had been this way for six days. *Wingfoot Express*, a home-designed hot rod, had swept back and forth over the flats 14 times, reaching a top speed of 313 mph. That would be fine for the family Chevy, but on the Utah salt, when the world land-speed record is the goal, no one takes a man—or a car—seriously at much less than 400.

Wingfoot Express balked stubbornly until nearly everyone had written it off. Then, two hours before sunset of the last day reserved for it on the salt this year, the jet woke up the timers. Like an underslung missile mounted on wheels, it roared south to north, entered the measured mile and left it seconds later. The speed was an encouraging 406.5 mph. Minutes later it came the other way at 420.07, the fastest mile ever recorded on land. The average speed of 413.2 broke the record of 407.6, established last year by Craig Breedlove.

"I never thought Walt'd do it," whispered a local mechanic. "Maybe his brother, Art, but not Walt."

Well, who did?

Walt is Walter Arfons of Akron, who built the car with the help of Tom Green of Wheaton, Ill., the driver. A 47-year-old onetime feed-mill operator, Walt Arfons and his brother began tinkering with jet cars and drag racers 10 years ago, each of them eventually using a separate part of the old mill as his garage, and each of them going his own hot-rodding way. The know-somethings said Art had a hot car this year, but that poor Walt—no longer able to drive because of a heart attack—did not. Walt's *Wingfoot*, they said, was a slue-foot.

But *Wingfoot*, a pure jet powered by a 10,000-horsepower J-46 Westinghouse triple jet engine, went faster on land than any car or motorcycle before it. Having said that, it is best to stop talking, for beyond that statement lies controversy. Breedlove, for example, was denied recognition abroad because his *Spirit of America* had only three wheels and hence was not an automobile. Donald Campbell and his British hackers scorned Breedlove and can be depended upon to scorn Green and Arfons because

Wingfoot's engine does not deliver power to the wheels.

Yet these technicalities bother only a few. It takes big money to mount a land-speed record attempt, but big publicity emerges. Thus the tire, gasoline and parts manufacturers who pick up most of the tab are willing to back a pure jet, a turbojet, a motorcycle or a ricksha if it will go more than 400 mph. Goodyear has a heavy investment in *Wingfoot Express*—as does Firestone in Art's *Green Monster*—and it was a Goodyear executive who said: "You didn't see the razor-blade folks give Roger Maris the cold shoulder because of the asterisk."

Automobile or not, *Wingfoot* is a four-wheeled vehicle. It is 24 feet long, 42 inches high, weighs 4,800 pounds and its history is hardly the stuff on which grandiose speed records are built.

Driver Tom Green is an engineer for P. A. Sturdivant Co. in Elmhurst, Ill. He met Arfons in 1962 when both were attending an auto show in Chicago. "We talked about cars for a few minutes," remembers Green, "and we seemed to realize that each of us had what the other lacked. I didn't know one end of a jet engine from the other. Walt said he knew little about my specialty, aerodynamics."

As soon as Walt Arfons got back to Akron, work began on *Wingfoot*. Green had a full-time job he wanted to keep, but Arfons was now making his living building, selling and racing cars. His avocation was his vocation.

The two "built" *Wingfoot* via correspondence. Arfons worked on the steel frame and the engine at his garage in Akron. "There isn't a part in that crate that isn't handmade—axles, ducts, everything," says Arfons. By mail, Green was exacting in his requests: the rear wheels must be farther apart than the front ones; the weight must be toward the rear; above all, keep it low, low, low. Green had decided that the trouble with Donald Campbell's \$4 million *Bluebird* was its huge wheels. "I knew enough aerodynamics to know you want a small car for land-speed record runs," he says. "We had an arrow in mind," says Arfons. "Weight and fin feathers in the rear, tapering almost to a point in front."

Green built the body of steel and aluminum and "a bit of a Volkswagen fender." When he trucked it to Akron, it did not fit the frame Arfons had completed. But this was no problem for Arfons, his welding torch, hammer and wrenches. Soon everything fitted, and in the spring of 1963 the Arfons-Green dream car, really a glorified hot rod with a jet engine, was ready to roll.

Wingfoot's first roll was a near disaster. When it was tested near Detroit, it went faster than the builders had expected, swerved off course, across U.S. Highway 75, through a fence and into the woods. The test driver was unharmed but the wreck literally produced Arfons' heart attack. Green, with no race-driving experience, agreed to pilot the jet after that.

That summer *Wingfoot* was taken to the Salt Flats, where trouble of a different sort plagued it. The huge engine ingested salt. The faster it went, the more salt it swallowed. Its top speed was 315 mph, but Goodyear was game to try again in 1964.

When the elongated blue speedster was unloaded on the flats a week ago Sunday, it still did not impress anyone. Walt Arfons had been on the salt too many times before, and he had acquired an image as one of the shoestring boys who clutter up the place between runs by such better-heeled types as Campbell, Bredlove and Mickey Thompson. Since

his brother, Art, had also dealt in Salt Flats frustration, the name Arfons was doubly discounted.

After trial runs Sunday, Arfons and Green pronounced the car ready. On Monday, it ran well but slowly. "The motor didn't have it," said Green. "We'll put a new one in," promised Walt.

Ho hum.

On Tuesday there was no new motor, and in trial runs *Wingfoot* never got near 300. It was the same Wednesday.

By Thursday the new motor was installed, but crosswinds swept the flats. All day the timers waited. And waited. Nobody did anything at all, except that Green wiped the dust and salt off *Wingfoot's* blue body now and again, and Arfons picked up a wrench and moved in on it, only to back away sheepishly, as if everyone knew he really had no bolts in need of tightening.

Friday—the last available day—was still windy and *Wingfoot* was still balky. "Fuel-pump troubles," grouched Arfons. Morning passed. Green and Arfons saw their hopes riding away with the fast-falling sun. Finally Arfons tried a vital 1/16th of a turn on the idle adjustment. Then he said O.K. and reminded Green to be sure to use the afterburner.

Clad in a pale-blue Goodyear-marked uniform and a safety helmet, Tom Green wiggled his 5 feet 11 inches into the cockpit and roared down the course.

It was 4:06 p.m. Green, steering with one hand, pumped a lever with the other, and the afterburner fired. "It went zoom, zoom, zoom. That's the only way I can describe it. The air speed indicator told me I was going 440, but I didn't use the afterburner enough in the measured mile. After I popped the chutes, they told me my official speed was only 406."

Green sensed that something had happened to the motor and told Arfons, who found that somewhere along the 10-mile straightaway *Wingfoot's* engine had ingested something—most likely a bolt—and four blades had been damaged. "What had happened further in the motor we could only guess," said Arfons. It was now 4:45, and there was no time to look, because a driver is required to make his return run within an hour, or not at all. There was no hesitation. *Wingfoot* roared into the measured mile again. This trip Green fired the afterburner three times. The spurs were enough, and the record fell.

"You know," Green exulted moments

later, "the car handles better at 400 than 200. It has the power for 500. Now I wonder what the limit of speed on land may be. I don't think 700 is out of reason."

Walt Arfons listened intently as Green described the noisy life inside *Wingfoot* at 400-plus. "It rattles a lot," he said. "And those little irregularities in the salt—you feel every one. You sort of get the feeling you are inside a rocket that's rattling around on the ground."

"It's a great moment," said Walter Arfons—and a moment was all it was. For on Monday afternoon brother Art turned loose his 17,000-horsepower *Monterey*, the most powerful car ever built. Art, 38, had only planned a test run, but the weather was right and the engine—a type used by the B-58 Hustler bomber

—was ready. His first sweep through the mile was a mere 396.3, but he was back minutes later in an eerie 479 for an average of 434.02—a new record, by far. Nor was there any telling how high he might push the record during the week as he risked more runs. "It howls like an animal," Art had said of his car, and its howl was one of success.

Walt Arfons was not there to see Art's triumph. "Have to be getting along," he had said as he pucked up the day before. What he had not said was that brothers Walter and Arthur Arfons of Akron, who stopped speaking to each other during the years of racing failure and frustration, have no plans to speak to each other during the years of prizes and profits.

END

HAPPY TEAM: WALT ARFONS AND GREEN



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HORSE RACING / Whitney Tower

The protruding proboscis

It belonged to high-flying Gun Bow as he outfought gallant Kelso to win the most thrilling Woodward ever—and maybe a title as well

A nose is a nose is a nose. Gertrude Stein never wrote, but last Saturday both the subject and the hobbling rhythm of the line would have been perfectly suited to Aqueduct where 51,000 yelling spectators saw one of the noisiest—and noisiest—stride-for-stride stretch duels in racing history. For the final 400 yards of the mile-and-a-quarter Woodward, the horse of almost every year, Kelso, and the possible horse of this year, Gun Bow, ran like a matched pair. That is how they went under the wire, and it must have taken not only the photo-finish camera but a microscope for the judges to determine that Gun Bow was the winner.

They called it "by a nose," of course, but it was barely by the flare of a nostril that the venerable and adored favorite of the crowd was beaten by his younger challenger. At the post-retirement age of 7, Kelso had put on a courageous show, and has thousands of worshippers did not want to credit what the photo told them: that Mrs. Richard duPont's grand gelding is no longer invincible in the fall weight-for-age races. For four straight years Kelso had used these events as almost automatic vehicles to carry him to the Horse of the Year title. The Wood-

ward result left the so-often hiase Aqueduct crowd limp, and the refrain for the day was "Say it isn't so."

New Yorkers have been accused of being guys and dolls with money to spend at the races and an unemotional approach to the mutual machines. Scoffers and critics berate them for their lack of sentimentality. Yet years ago they developed an attachment for Exterminator, and later for a chimer named Styne who won almost a million. Then, with the advent of television, Native Dancer became a personal pet. But it is Kelso whom they seem to love most. They cheered him as they have never cheered another horse when he beat Gun Bow last Labor Day to win the Aqueduct Stakes. Now, having won 18 of his 22 races at Aqueduct, Kelso had become the "house" horse—the hero who, by winning the Woodward for the fourth straight time, could eclipse Round Table's world money-earning record of \$1,749,869. It was not surprising that the subway set and the Turf and Field group jointly made him the 4-to-5 favorite.

Kelso's own people were no less interested in a Kelso victory. Trainer Carl Hanford, deploring the fact that his



WINNER GUN BOW (ON THE RAIL) AND KELSO RACED AS A TEAM FROM THE EIGHTH

champion had never had a stalemated to soften up the sort of front-running opposition that Gun Bow represented, said wistfully: "Kelso had more speed at 4 and 5 to take care of this kind of horse, but just the same I think he'll run awful big. I really do." Allaire duPont, one of the most gracious winners—and losers—the American turf has ever seen, shrugged nervously and added, "I feel just awful. I wish the race were tomorrow."

But tomorrow it was not, and the five-horse field got away at 4:50 right in front of a sea of Kelso admirers who clapped and cheered him from the moment he entered the walking ring until Jockey Milo Valenzuela took him docilely into stall No. 3. Gun Bow was to his inside and the Belmont winner, Quadrangle, to his right. He was ready. But so was Gun Bow, a horse with an unusually pleasant disposition and a relish for racing.

Winner of seven races in 13 starts this year, Gun Bow lost the Aqueduct to Kelso after his trainer, Eddie Neloy, decided—and Jockey Wally Blum agreed—that he had had to roll out of the gate unusually fast to get position on the first turn. Although he opened up more than five lengths on Kelso in the backstretch, Gun Bow had little left for the stretch and lost by nearly a length. "This time," said Neloy before the Woodward, "we'll go to the front all right but then wrap up under a tight hold and have something left for the run home."

Blum rode the perfect race. As planned, he took the lead with his immensely agile gate horse, and Valenzuela brought Kelso right along with him, just to his outside and never as much as two lengths away from the lead. Manuel Ycaza had

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Johnny Callison enjoys the good taste of a Phillies cigar



HORSE RACING continued

Quadrangle trailing the pair closely, while Colorado King and Guadalupe—both shooting for fourth money of \$5,410—straggled behind like a couple of paying spectators.

Up the backstretch the leaders held their positions—Kelso still forced to stay outside, which is the long way home. In the final turn both Quadrangle and Kelso moved to challenge and, at the head of the stretch, the three favorites were nearly abreast. Then, suddenly, Blum took Gun Bow slightly wide at the quarter pole, and Yeaza shot Quadrangle through on the rail. "When I saw Milo and Blum playing mouse and cat with each other," said Yeaza, "I thought I could surprise them both." But Quadrangle, a factor until the eighth pole, discovered that it is not all that easy to whip older horses even with a five-pound weight allowance. He retired to finish third, beaten by four lengths, and the race was left to the two best horses.

With Gun Bow on the inside, on a track labeled "good" but nonetheless dead and still slightly greasy after the previous day's rain, the pair raced head and head. "At the eighth pole," Blum said later, "Kelso was nearly half a length in front of me, and I thought I was through." And he should have been, agreed Valenzuela, except that "Kelso began to lug in. We bumped twice, and it might have cost us the race."

Bump or no bump, the two fought on in as furious a finish as has ever been seen. As they crossed the wire in 2:02 2/5, the enormous crowd settled into a breathless quiet to await the verdict. Eddie Neely, running down to greet Gun Bow, said excitedly: "I think we lost. Gun Bow is the second-best horse, but no matter what, Wally Blum rode him to perfection. We have no excuse, and it was as thrilling a race as I have ever seen." However, agonizing minutes later, it was Gun Bow's number that went up, and he was the new champ, not second-best after all. The Aqueduct crowd was duly appreciative, but cautiously so. Gun Bow, recently bought for \$1 million by the John Gaines syndicate, had made his reputation in faraway places like Santa Anita, Gulfstream Park, Arlington Park, and even Saratoga. But now he had added to his stature before Kelso's own fans, and if Kelso is destined at last to lose his champion's wreath, New York's horse-playing sophisticates have found in Gun Bow a deserving successor. **END**



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Another lesson from a master

Now 80 and long retired from tournament play, Harold S. Vanderbilt, inventor of contract bridge, has written a new book on his theories

The forthcoming *Official Encyclopedia of Bridge* notes that although Harold S. Vanderbilt was born into the richest and most famous American family of the times, piloted three yachts to victory in America's Cup races and was a highly successful business executive, his most lasting fame may come from his contributions to contract bridge.

Vanderbilt began to play serious bridge in 1906, when he was 22, and by 1910 and for 10 years thereafter he was a member of the pair—his partner was J.B. Howell—considered to be the strongest in the United States.

Of course, the game in those days was auction bridge; the successful declarer didn't have to bid a game or a slam in order to get credit for it if he made it in the play. Then, while on a cruise in 1925, Vanderbilt began tinkering with the scoring system. He decided that only those tricks for which declarer had contracted should count toward game. He invented vulnerability to handicap the side that already had one game toward the rubber. But his most remarkable contribution was a scoring table so well balanced that slam bidding and sacrifice bidding became matters of fine judgment as well as high excitement.

Another Vanderbilt contribution—the first unified system of bidding—was less successful. His bidding system, featuring a one-club opening to show a strong hand and a one-diamond negative response, failed to become popular. Yet today this same hoary principle has become the basis of the systems played

by the Italians and many other expert teams. Undiscouraged by earlier failures, today, at 80, Vanderbilt has published his fourth book, *The Club Convention*. Very much modernized over the system he originally advocated, it still retains the club opening and diamond denial as its basic fundamentals.

Many modern players do not realize that in addition to being a great theorist, Vanderbilt was also an excellent player. After his invention of contract bridge, he rarely played in tournaments, and in 1941 he retired from competition altogether. But Vanderbilt continued to play rubber bridge in the toughest possible competition. The stakes, of course, were of little concern to a man with his personal wealth but, like all good competitors, he hated to lose.

There was the afternoon, for instance, when he was due to catch the 20th Century Limited to Chicago. Vanderbilt was involved in a bridge game at his club and he was losing when it came time for him to leave. The story goes that, rather than leave a loser, Vanderbilt stayed to play another rubber, secure in the knowledge that the New York Central's crack train would not dare leave without its director and probably its largest stockholder. Vanderbilt has always denied the story but, true or not, you could be sure that if there was a way to victory, he would find it. Here, for example, is a hand taken from his very first book, in which he modestly refrained from stating that he was the declarer who had brought home the ticklish slam.

North-South vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH			
♦ A K 8			
♥ A K 8 6			
♣ A K J 10 8 2			
WEST		EAST	
♦ Q 9		♦ J 6 3	
♥ K J 6 2		♥ 10 8	
♣ Q 9 7 5 1		♣ J 10 3 2	
♠ 7 6		♠ Q 9 5 1	
SOUTH			
♦ 10 7 5 4 2			
♥ A Q 9 7 5 4 3			
♣ 5			
♠ 3			
NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	1♣	PASS
2 N.T.	PASS	4♥	PASS
4 N.T.	PASS	5♣	PASS
6♣	PASS	PASS	PASS

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Note that if Vanderbilt had neglected to discard a club and begun his ruffs of that suit with the second round, when he played the third round of clubs West would be in a position to overruff. Or, if declarer drew two rounds of trumps in order to prevent this, he would remain with no entry to dummy after the club suit had been established. It is an easy play to make when you see it—but, even today, how many players would have foreseen the need for Vanderbilt's careful play?

END

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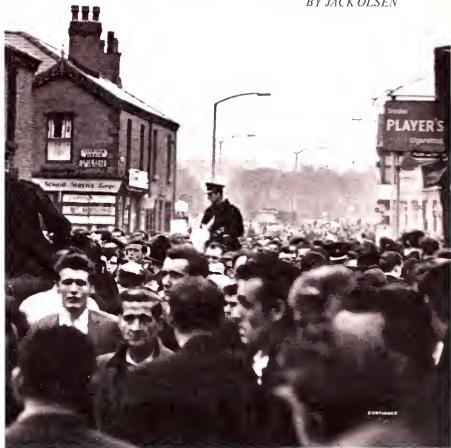
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SIX DREARY DAYS - THEN SATURDAY

The story of British football

BY JACK OLSEN



In a military museum in England there is a dried-out rind of cowhide that once upon a time, when the world was young, was a soccer ball. In the battle of Montauban Ridge in 1916, B company of the East Surrey Regiment was ordered to cross 400 yards of no man's land under heavy fire, and Captain W. P. Nevill issued each platoon a soccer ball to kick toward the German lines. At 7:27 a.m. Nevill went over the top, put his boot into one of the balls and led the attack, kick by kick, casualty by casualty, until the objective was taken. The next day his body was found just outside the German wire, and not far away, spiked into the barbs by a heavy-footed Surrey soldier, was a soccer ball.

The willingness of the Tommy's to chase a sphere of leather into the valley of the shadow exists no incredulity in Great Britain, where the bouncing ball has been followed with rapt attention for hundreds of years. As this year's 79th professional football season opens in England, there are times when the whole country seems to have been converted into one vast soccer field or, as it is more properly called, football pitch. To be sure, there are some stuffy Englishmen who say that the game has been corrupted, that it will never be the same again, that the foreigners are taking over and, anyway, the British referees are becoming so schoolmasterish that if the battle of Montauban Ridge were to be fought again, one of them would surely stall the entire attack by shouting, "Offside!"

The cynics notwithstanding, there is no game in the world that so reflects the personality of a nation as soccer reflects England. Once it was the game of the industrial masses (gentlemen played Rugby), but in later years the game has crossed all class lines and even attracted a new intelligentsia, trifled by its subtle patterns and flow of play and mysterious intangibles. Dr. Alfred Jules Ayer, professor of logic at Oxford, editor of *Logical Positivism* and author of other philosophical works, once confided: "In the morning, at my lectures, I sometimes see the fleeting figures of footballers racing through my mind." On Sundays young London travels out of town to the Hackney Marshes, where 111 football pitches lie side by side, each of them the scene of a small war, clean but hard, in fidelity to the English sporting ethos. Harold Wilson, the Labor Party leader, carries in his wallet a dog-eared picture of the great Huddersfield Town team of 1922, the Green Bay Packers of their era. There are some 30,000 amateur teams in Britain, 420 professional teams and millions of small boys kicking soccer balls, tennis balls, English-style "spaldrens" and balls made of rolled-up cloth. The soccer season lasts nine months, through the long bleak English winter, and 92 professional "big-league" teams, grouped into four divisions, play to an average of 16,000 fans per game, a turnout that leaves baseball far behind. And though the game has spread around the world like Schweppes and Scotch and XKEs, its broadest base remains in England. The best 11 players in the world may currently be in Brazil, the best 11,000 are in England.

A few years ago a cartoon in the London *Daily Mirror* expressed in one quick pop what the sport means to the masses of Britain. Andy Capp, a vastly overdrawn caricature of a working-class husband, is reminiscing to his wife. "I'll tell yer straight, Flo," he says. "Football isn't what it used to be . . . them were the days. Mordue slingin' 'em across, an' 'Charlie Buchan noddin' 'em in, an'—"

"For Pete's sake, Andy," his wife interrupts. "Let's stop talkin' about religion."

The Church of England has not enjoyed its biggest success in reaching the working classes, and soccer has filled the spiritual void. "I've always thought of it as a religious game," says Danny Blanchflower, the recently retired star who was the Mickie Mantle of the Tottenham Hotspurs. "The father took his son to the match, and the son took his son, and the team was the cathedral, the shrine. Why, there were men who asked that their ashes be spread over the pitches where they used to stand and watch their side. It was their open-air church—the club was their god and the players their angels. They promised something divine and exciting. Oh, it was vastly more important than religion, especially in the '30s. The people felt that soccer was more true than religion. You went to the church and you saw that monkey wearing the big coat. On the football ground, your gods came out in clean white shirts, they didn't come out in all this gold and nonsense and talking Latin terms you didn't understand."

Blanchflower was not the only player to hear the religious overtones of the game. Albert Camus wrote, "All that I know most certainly about morality and the obligations of man, I owe to football." J. P. W. Mallalieu, Member of Parliament from the industrial town of Huddersfield, once wrote about the pregame ceremonies at the Cup Final at Wembley: "At last, as we always do, we sang *Ahale with Me*. And at that hymn the whole crowd rose, men who would not know to take their hats off in a church stood bareheaded and reverent in a sports arena."

In the smoky, mystic midsection of England, where the industrial revolution was born and where it trapped a hardy race of men indoors, soccer early became the only escape from a Dickensian life of frustration and misery. The heart of English football is still in that belt of industry and coal, in places like the Yorkshire woolen mills and the Lancashire cotton mills, in gray-black cities like Leeds, Preston, Blackburn, Halifax, Sheffield, Burnley, Manchester, Blackpool, Huddersfield—dark cities with sodium lights cutting through the fog and smoke, cities where one is never much farther than a corner kick from a soccer pitch.

A man went to the match on Saturday afternoon and then spent three days dissecting the play with his pubmates. The next three days were devoted to lengthy discussions on the probabilities of the upcoming match. When the big day arrived, as it did once each week for nine months, he worked in the morning, then hustled off to the game. "Life

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wasn't very romantic then," says a lay sociologist. "It was very hard, and there was nothing else but soccer to talk about. There was something very real about the game. A man grows up as a young Indian brave, and he wants to go out and conquer the world. But by the time he's 30 he's got married and he's lost the romance of it all—he's working in a mill or a mine and realizes he's not going to conquer the world after all—so what else has he got to believe in but football? All he can do is try to recapture the life of his 20s, and he does that on Saturday afternoon when he is one of the boys again and his life is being lived all over again on the pitch. He can tell a bloody manager how to manage the team and the directors how to direct. He's a young man again, a young man in authority. And the greatest thing about it is the uncertainty. If his team wins, he did a good job, see? He's the guy—he knew his team was going to win. If it doesn't win, there's nothing wrong with the club, nothing wrong with his judgment, nothing wrong with himself. It's that bloody center forward. 'If I could only get rid of him,' he says, 'we'd win again.'"

"So there he is, searching for ultimate justice on the pitch. He figures everything else has deserted him. 'Look at the government,' he says. 'Bloody useless. What chance have I got? The press? Useless, no truth in it.' He knows that, mate. He grows up with a Bible and he has the Ten Commandments and he believes in justice, but he doesn't see any of it except out there on Saturday afternoon. There's a referee and there's two teams, and the best one wins, mate. You put the ball in the back of the net and you get a goal. It's quite clear—you can see it with your own two eyes: justice and democracy as they ought to be. That is the way they look at football in those industrial towns. Where a man has a harder deal, soccer matters to him."

As Danny Blanchflower says, "The soccer fan doesn't only identify with one player or one team—he identifies with the whole game. He is the game." Alan Sillitoe, in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, describes Lennon, a typical football fan. "Right from the kick-off Lennon had somehow known that Notts was going to lose, not through any prophetic knowledge of each homeplayer's performance, but because he himself, a spectator, hadn't been feeling in top form. One-track pessimism had made him godly enough to inform his mechanic friend Fred Ironmonger who stood by his side: 'I knew they'd bloody well lose, all the time.' For men like Lennon, soccer offers a new heaven and a new earth every Saturday afternoon. Says Alan Hardaker, secretary of England's Football League: "Where I was brought up, a man who didn't talk about football was considered peculiar. He soon found himself drinking at the pub in the company of himself."

There is simply no parallel in American sport to the hysterical dedication of the British soccer fans. They jam into the ground in near-zero weather two hours before game time, and stand happily for the rest of the afternoon. There are no creature comforts as in America, where half the spectators at any given event would not be there at all

if it were not for the hot dogs and beer and soft seats and countless other peripheral attractions. The English fan is there for the game, and the fact that he cannot sit, cannot move six inches to either side, cannot adjourn to the bathroom and must raise his hands above his head even to find room to applaud, does not even enter into his thinking. The English fan revels in squeezing himself into a standing pack from which there can be no escape until the game is over. People faint and are passed down to the pitch over the heads of the others. Announcements are made over the P.A. system: "Will the father of Vincent Thorneycroft of 30 Bullington Mews please come to the office to collect his son after the match?" No matter that little lost Vincent might be screaming bloody murder for his father. Nobody moves—nobody can move—till the referee blows the final whistle and all stream out. Is there room for one more? There is always room for one more. I heard a typical announcement at Craven Cottage, where the Fulham Football Club plays in southwest London: "Will the people on the terraces please make room to enable the others to pack into the ground?" Imagine an American P.A. announcer asking the people to pack in!

When you make your move to join the standing pack, you are likely to be welcomed the way I was at one match. "Move out in here, mate," said a little man in a peaked cap. "Someone'll be fustlin' in a minute and we'll make a place for yer." To the unenlightened American, the whole game takes on the aura of a two-hour seventh-inning stretch, except that there is no place to stretch. Soccer crowds become part of one large organism, symbiotic, made up of disparate elements whose individuals are totally involved in the life of the thing itself, like a Portuguese man-of-war. They sing and shout and sway from side to side, and what one does, all do. The British fan thrives on this huddled adversity. The battle of Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields of Eton, but the battle of Britain was won on the terraces of Craven Cottage, behind the goals at Liverpool and in all the standing areas of all the soccer grounds of England. After years of standing on the terraces, World War II must have seemed almost an anticlimax.

And when the match is over, move smartly along with the crowd if you value your life. Little has changed since Arnold Bennett observed in 1912: "The impression of the multitude streaming from that gap in the wooden wall was like nothing more than the impression of a burst man who only the emptying of the reservoir will assuage. Anybody who wanted to commit suicide might have stood in front of that gap and had his wish. He would not have been noticed. The interminable and implacable infantry charge would have passed unheeding over him."

At the first Cup Final match a quarter of a million fans crowded into Wembley Stadium, built to hold 100,000. Iron gates were ripped from their hinges, and 1,000 people were injured. At the playoff games late in the season, sprints and

continued

bandages are a standard part of the ritual. In one eliminating match last season 100 persons were injured, 20 of them with broken limbs, two died. There was a national uproar when Leicester City Chairman Sidney Needham offered two seats to a Cup Final to Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. When the prisoners in Dartmoor, a maximum-security prison, were informed that they would not be permitted to watch the second half of a Cup Final on television, they started a fire that caused \$100,000 worth of damage. Fans have been known to lock themselves in the washrooms at Wembley after the last dog race the night before the Cup Final. Others have tried to tunnel in, and there is always at least one desperate fan who arrives at the match with, say, a 1933 ticket for a 1963 match. Sometimes, in the rush and crush at the gates, he makes it. And once inside, the arguments and catcalling reach hectic proportions. A fan shouts to no one in particular: "That man is the most overrated player in England!" Another takes up the case for the defense: "Give over, mate, he shoulda' had four goals already but for rotten luck!" "Leave off, mate!" shouts the first man. "You don't know wha' you're talkin' about!"

A forward misses a shot, and the claque begins again. "Wha' kind of shut was that? We've got forwards look the bleedin' blond school, we do!" A minute later the same forward breaks into the clear, and the fan shouts, "C'mon now, my son, prove me wrong! *Prove me wrong!*" The forward misses another shot, and the man collapses into misery. Sadly, he offers a last riposte: "Yer proved me rot, 'ats watcher did."

It is not easy to climb down from such peaks of involvement when the game is over, and often the English fan takes out his frustration and high spirits on the British Railways

as he rides home from the game. On a single Saturday recently the train from Manchester to Nottingham Forest was stopped six times by prankish pulls on the emergency cord. Light bulbs were smashed and seats ripped open on the Leeds-Leicester run, causing police to board the train with dogs, and six fans were thrown off the train from West Bromwich to Stoke. For years the British Railways have been putting their oldest cars on the postgame runs, a fact which is well known to the supporters' clubs and which is taken by them as a challenge.

The high spirits of the typical English fan are epitomized in Liverpool, that historic port where the people drink life to the lees, export insects and carouse and joke with an abandon that flies in the face of the grim chimney-pot realities of the smoky city. Liverpool has two football teams, Liverpool and Everton, with grounds within a five-minute walk of each other, and two totally separate sets of fans who are miscible in no proportions. The story is told of the daughter of an Everton supporter who asked her father's permission to marry a Liverpool supporter. No, said the father. "It has been my experience," he intoned, "that no good ever comes from these mixed marriages." When the Evertonian son of an Evertonian father wants to express his rebellion, he does not come home drunk or whip out a pack of cigarettes at dinner. He merely wears the red and white colors of the Liverpool team. "Out!" the father shouts, and the family is left asunder.

Liverpool is a city that wears its sleeves short and its hair long like the Beatles, and it is a city that speaks its mind. At one end of the Liverpool ground is a standing-room-only terrace that holds battalions of fans in elbow-to-elbow suspension. The area is aptly named the "Kop," after the site of a famous battle in the Boer War. During a game the Kop erupts into songs, some of them improvised on the spot to Beatle-type rhythms. The acidic cheers emanating from the Kop have been peeling paint off the old wooden fence around the pitch for almost a century. Most of the cheers start with the Liverpool phrase "Ee-eye addee," a variant of "Heighho! the derry oh." The general tone of the ee-eye-addee yells may best be seen in the one that greeted an opposing goalkeeper who had the poor judgment to run out on the field dressed in green cap, green sweater, green shorts and green socks. After short, huddled rehearsals, the 20,000 constituents of the Kop called out: "Ee-eye addee, the goalie is a quazer!" But it is all but impossible to become offended by the Kop. The vulgarities and rowdy choruses are intended in good fun, and if they seem sometimes to cross the line of propriety, it must be remembered that Liverpool is a hard-drinking, scuffling town that has never been recommended for a WCTU convention.

In the early part of the 20th century the Liverpool-Everton games were pitched battles, until the situation became positively inflammable and the city fathers began to fear for the lives of the citizenry. Ernest Edwards, then sports editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post* and *Liverpool Echo*, had long talks with players of both teams and final-



In a typically graceful tableau, the Coventry City goalkeeper (in dark shirt) makes a futile dive at a Newcastle United shot

ly succeeded in convincing them that the object of the game was not to maim one another, but to score goals. He suggested that the old system of having each team run out on the pitch as a unit be junked, that they run out in opposing pairs instead, in a show of camaraderie. Edwards' technique worked, and present-day games are, except for an occasional can opener or bottle thrown at the goalkeepers, reasonably peaceable affairs, made all the more quiescent by the fact that spectators are reluctant to wear either the red of Liverpool or the blue of Everton for fear they will wind up floating in the Mersey.

With all this inner seething and violent partisanship, there remains in the Liverpool fan, and indeed in all the fans on all the grounds of England, something oddly inconsistent with extremism and totally unlike the feelings of fans in the United States. The American spectator, in one secret part of his heart, lives for the high stick in hockey, the blind-side tackle in football, the high-and-tight fast-ball stuck in a batter's ear.

The British are the other way around. This is no phony morality that is trumpeted in the history books and belied in the grandstands. The Englishman wants hard play, but more than that he wants clean play. He applauds wildly for a good move, whether made by home team or enemy. He boos all shows of poor sportsmanship, however mild, and a dirty player, regardless of his skills, is likely to be sold off at the earliest opportunity. Formal soccer began in the private schools of England, and there is still a schoolmasterish quality to the game. The referee is Mr. Chips, and a nod of his finger under the nose of a naughty player is usually more than sufficient to humiliate the offender into proper behavior. If a footballer is guilty of a more heinous act, such as casting aspersions on the hallowed ancestors of the referee, he is likely to "have his name taken." The ref halts play, whips out his black notebook and writes down the player's name, while 50,000 spectators boo and the offender writhes in the discomfort of a boy about to go off to detention hall. In terms of absolute punishment, name-taking is nothing: one's name must be taken four times before one is subject to Football Association censure (i.e., before one is called before the headmaster), and even then the punitive action is likely to amount to a dressing down. But the name-taking ceremony is reckoned to be a severe punishment unto itself. "When the referee takes your name," says Blanchflower, "it's a shameful thing in the public eye. Socially, it's bad for you."

When a game does result in rough play, the English press is likely to use up half its story space the next day commenting on the shame of it all and wondering whatever is to become of football. And what are typical offenses leading to such outcries of alarm? I examined the files of the Football Association in London and reeled with horror at some of the crimes: "Ungentlemanly conduct . . . showing dissent from the referee's decision . . . making ungentlemanly remarks. . . ." Clearly, this is no game for Eddie Shack or Eddie Stanky.

It is the contention of soccer students that the actual play of a game is something no one can analyze with accuracy, simply because it is played almost entirely by instinct and feel. Blanchflower, like most other British sports experts, holds that it is impossible for any organism except a fly to see all that is going on around it at any given time. However, this contention does not keep thousands of Britons, including Blanchflower, from analyzing the game to a fare-thee-well and even a bit beyond.

To the fledgling observer the most important difference between soccer and a sport like American football is that the soccer player is the captain of his own soul; he cannot be replaced after the game starts, and he cannot be coached from the sidelines. Blanchflower has watched both American football and British football, and he puts the difference bluntly: "You have a New Frontier culture and you go out and start cutting down trees and building a new empire, and you become big fellows, don't you? Big dumb fellows. So you play a big dumb game like American football where the coaches do all the thinking and the quarterback does all the culling and they've got the monkeys running around for them. You see, you're a more aggressive country, you like the physical, you like the pounding and killing them and tromping them into the earth. Your games tend to be coach vs. coach, whereas ours are team against team and player against player."

Whatever overstatement there may be in this argument, it is certainly true that soccer football makes strong demands on the gray matter of the participant. It is a game of lines and arcs and trapezoids and dodecahedrons, and every player, no matter how far he may be from the focus of action, must always be trying to beat his man for the *Lebens-*

continued



A Leeds United player has his name taken by the referee, an embarrassing reprimand, for committing foul against Chelsea's goal.

name that leads to goals. "We try to stimulate movement off the ball," says Bill Nicholson, manager of the Tottenham Hotspurs of north London. "This game is played in the main without the ball, 'off the ball.' There are approximately two players on the ball at any given time, and 20 who are not. These 20 should be moving about with intelligence. It's all a matter of trying to find spaces by proper movement." The soccer player finds himself applying parlor-game doublethink to opposing players hundreds of times in a single match, while thousands of eyes study the battle of wits, and their owners prepare to unleash a massive guffaw on the loser. Blanchflower recalls one such experience: "There was a guy played at Barnsley, a right half he was, and he was a big ox and I didn't know his ways. He'd only just arrived. And here he came running along with the ball and I was thinking which way was he going to run, to the left or to the right? Well, he ran straight over me and scored. That was the one possibility I hadn't considered. He just hadn't the intelligence to avoid me and I had too much intelligence to realize he wasn't going to try."

Something similar happened to the inside forward in Henri de Montherlant's *Paradis à l'Ombre des Érables*, but with a happier result. The inside forward in the play tells one of his young students: "You know we're always told, 'When you take a throw-in, pretend to throw the ball to one of your teammates, so that the other side concentrates on him, then quickly throw it to another man who is uncovered.' It's a trick as old as the hills. Well, then, I picked up the ball, I stared into Beyssac's eyes and then . . . then I threw it to Beyssac! What chaos among the Red Lions! By instinct, seeing me pick out Beyssac, they'd covered every one except him, and there was my Beyssac racing away. . . ."

It is such *ad hoc* confrontations, going on simultaneously all over the pitch, that make soccer the inscrutable game that it is and create a reportorial atmosphere in which 15 English sportswriters can see one game and write 15 different versions of it, some of them harking back to Richard Coeur de Lion and some of them analyzing the game in terms of the current situation in Kuwait. Like the spectators, they get from the game whatever they are seeking. But to the uninitiated, soccer resolves itself more into personal skirmishes for the ball. Two players confront the ball, their legs slashing away, nipping it to one side and the other, frisking around and on top of it like balancing artists, faking and jinking, twisting and curving in ballet dances of muscle and sinew. A ball is kicked toward a player at top speed; he lets it plop into his stomach and fall dead, or gently heads it down to his feet, or stomps on it, bringing it to a full stop. ("Well taken!" shouts the crowd. "Well taken!") A forward comes infiltrating down the field, beats everybody but the fullback, who suddenly slides through the forward's legs, taking the ball out the other side with him, while the fans, whatever their partisanship, applaud their approval. A team is awarded a free kick; one player places the ball, backs off and runs full tilt at it, then hops nimbly over the ball and a trailing player comes up and

boots it: soccer's version of hockey's drop pass. ("A useless bit of deceit," a fan mutters.)

Until one learns what to look for, and some never do, one is likely to come away from the game with a kaleidoscopic collection of impressions, totally unassimilable, a gallery of frizzes: the goalie hanging in midair at a 45° angle, the ball in his outstretched fingers; a tangle of players, carved in marble in front of the net; sprawled soldiers in shorts lying on the ground in states of disarray; the referee's cheeks puffed out while he signals a stop in play and the teams merrily ignore him; a man contorted in pain, immobile, a trickle of blood at his hairline.

Later one begins to detect differences in style: subtleties, nuance. One discovers that there are teams that prefer to drive the ball deep down the field with a single kick and hope to win the ultimate scramble for it; teams that have super-duper wingers like Stanky Matthews, Commander of the Order of the British Empire, who can carry the ball single-footedly down the sideline before looping a pass to the forwards bunched in front of the goal; teams that specialize in position play, with a fullback bringing the ball up 20 yards, then passing off to a halfback and retaining his position, and so on down the field; teams that pass and pass and pass, cuties in spikes, until one begins to wonder if anyone knows how to shoot.

The basic British style always has been power and speed and attack; defensive play was considered a necessary evil, and no one paid much attention to it. The idea was to drive the ball down the field and bang it into the net. "Let the ball do the work," managers like Billy Wright of London's Arsenal team tell their players. "A good fast ball will beat four men, but if the individual tries to beat four men, he'll fail nine times out of 10." The British tradition is to roll up the score, lads, and give the fans what they want: action and goals. Says the Tottenham Hotspur manager, Bill Nicholson: "If we get a one-nil lead we try to make it a two-nil lead as soon as we get the ball again. We figure that's what we're there for."

Enter the big, bad foreigners, with wholly new ideas. The record is depressingly clear: in seven World Cup competitions the finalists have been Uruguay, Italy, West Germany, Brazil, Argentina, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Sweden. England has never been able to reach the finals in a game as English as sherry tiff. There are many reasons, most of them involving the British attitude that the game is theirs and they'll jolly well play it in their own way. For the first time in the history of the World Cup, the finals will be played in England in 1966, and most likely a foreign team will win again. "We're simply not interested in playing defensive football as it's played in the other countries," says Alan Hardaker. "Because defensive football is dull football. The average attendance at a game in France is only about 7,000; in Italy it's about 9,000. So you can see they're killing their own bloody football with defen-

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**from an interview with a Boston teacher, an arthritis victim*

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sive playing, and if our managers copy them they'll kill our football, too. I have always said that if we win the World Cup we'll destroy English football. That's because we'd have to play defensive football to win, and nobody in England would put up with that."

The archetype of what the crusty Hardaker was talking about is football Italian style, where a single goal is held to be so perfect and rare a phenomenon that as many as nine of a team's 11 players are likely to jam into the defensive area to protect the lead. The result is dwindling attendance and a sport which must continually be propped up by infusions of money from the rich Italian industrialists who own many of the teams. An Italian match in which three or four goals are scored is considered a wild, disorganized, anarchistic event and is likely to send the Italian sportswriters into Olivetti depressions over the dismal future of the game in Italy, just as dirty play troubles the British writers.

The fact remains, however, that defensive soccer, as it is played in almost every country except Britain, is winning soccer. "My God," says Hardaker, "it stands to reason that if you pack nine men in front of your own goal and they're all in the right place, it's bloody impossible to score, isn't it?" But people come to me after a game like that and they say, 'Gorblimey, what a boring game for the spectator!'"

The top 10 teams in the world, by consensus of even the British press, are from other countries. One expert, Eric Batty, lists them in order, based on last season's games, as Internazionale of Italy, Santos of Brazil, Independiente of Argentina, Bologna of Italy, Real Madrid of Spain, Benfica of Portugal, Milan of Italy, Palmeiras of Brazil, Nacional of Uruguay and Anderlecht of Belgium. All of these teams tend to play a more defensive game than England's, though not all are as classically defensive as the Italians. The Brazilian internationalists, two-time World Cup winners, bring their samba culture into the game, with relaxed, uninhibited play marked by dashing runs by their brilliant forwards Garrincha and Pelé.

continued

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The Hungarians play a systematized game based on the short pass: a flowing, artistic gypsy game. The Czechs and Yugoslavs tend to play a similar Iron Curtain style of football. The Germans are practitioners of the give-and-go, with one player pushing off a short pass to a teammate and racing down the pitch for a return. The trouble with the Teutonic type of game, says Arsenal Manager Billy Wright, former captain of the English international team, is that "it can be anticipated, because the Germans are a disciplined nation, and they do what they're told." Other countries bring their own national characteristics into the game, but always against a backdrop of stern defense.

Whatever the opposing international styles, Britain cannot seem to cope with them. The British international teams persist in the slashing assault and the porous defense, thus guaranteeing failure. To make matters worse, Britain is not a nation but a collection of nations, and when international sides are chosen Britain fields four teams—England, Scotland, Northern Ireland and Wales. The great English professional clubs like Tottenham Hotspur, Manchester United and Arsenal are decimated when international competition begins. The highest-priced player in Britain is Denis Law of Manchester United, a towheaded firebrand of 24 who has been bought and sold for three-quarters of a million dollars in his short career. When international competition begins, Law leaves England and plays for Scotland, just as Blanchflower used to leave England and play for Northern Ireland. This is the opposite of other countries, where players from all over tend to implore into a single international team, and where hundreds of thousands of lire and pesetas and escudos are spent to buy star players from abroad. The object is to form a winning side for the greater glory of the motherland. In Britain the glory lies in beating another Britain. The international team is almost an afterthought.

But in this young season of 1964-65 the pressure of the foreign brand of football is finally beginning to blow across England, and here and there a team is shifting over to the close-to-the-vest

techniques of the continent. Hardaker echoes the sentiments of the Football League's traditionalists on the subject of this insidious development. "Lately I have counted as many as six passes on the football field and not a single opposing player has been beaten. When the last man's got the ball they've still got the same players to get past. The way I was brought up, you never parted with the ball until you drew somebody towards you, which left somebody else open, or until you saw that you could beat somebody with a pass. But nowadays some of our halfbacks are beginning to act like trade unionists. They'll run 15 yards with the ball and then they'll say, 'That's my lot, I'll give it to the next bloke.' Why, they're trying to take a very simple game for very simple people and make it into a bloody science. Football is a game that must be played off the cuff. We'll never beat the Continentals until we start playing our own game better; we'll not beat them by copying their style. You'll never get an Englishman to play like a Frenchman."

As Hardaker speaks—a miniature Arthur Godfrey with a Yorkshire accent—his arms flailing about to make his points and his stubby fingers thumping the table, one hears martial music playing in the back of one's mind, and one tries to figure out the tune. "The English game is the most exciting," Hardaker says, and the martial tune grows louder. And suddenly one has it. The music is *Rule Britannia*, *There'll Always Be An England!* and *God Save the Queen*, all going off in the brain simultaneously in a crash of strident forces, an all-out assault on the senses, like English football at its best.

As the battle over the Continental soccer technique vs. the British technique comes more and more into the open, certain professional managers in England have started muttering that it is far more blessed to win than to lose, even if a team has to play defensively to do it. Every such avowal is greeted by loud boos from the British press, which holds, along with the entrenched authorities of the sport, that the object of soccer is the entertainment of the millions of fans

who make it go. "There is no other justification for professional football," Donald Saunders wrote in the *Daily Telegraph* and *Morning Post* a few weeks ago. "Most soccer crowds patiently seek parking places, queue for overcrowded buses and trains, sit in cramped stands and stand out in all weathers because they hope to be entertained."

But even that clear and logical argument may soon be out of date, for touches of glamour and comfort and concessions to the human being's physical limitations are infiltrating the game in England. The style is being set in Coventry, which has a new \$280,000 grandstand and a \$300-a-year "vice-presidents' club" with deluxe facilities for its members. Coventry's stadium has disc-jockey entertainment before the game, bars and club rooms, champagne and Scotch, attractive waitresses and gourmet food. To some, the team hovers on the brink of becoming the Los Angeles Dodgers East, of taking the rough-and-tumble masculinity out of a spectating experience that once was the last haven for the sweaty working man. But such dandified new stadiums are only paralleling social change throughout England. "It isn't the same here anymore," says one oldtime fan with mingled relief and annoyance. "A man can't go out and do what he wants. He has to take the wife and the kiddies along, like the United States of America, and the wife and the kiddies don't want to stand in the Kop and listen to vulgarity; they want Pepsi-Cola between the halves and the bleedin' Beatles' music on the loudspeakers and comfortable places to rest their behinds. It's a bloody shame, and yet in a way it isn't. The workin' man used to have such a sorry lot that the culture allowed him to do whatever he wanted in the little free time he had. His life was so miserable, down 80 hours a week in a mine or a dirty factory, and if he wanted to go off to the football ground on Saturday afternoon, that was his inalienable right as a tormented soul. If he wanted to say to his son, 'Come along with you, boy,' that was fine, but if he chose to go off with his pals, as most of them did, there was nobody dared give him any lip about it. But now there's pressure

from the old lady. She doesn't want association football unless it's rife with comforts. She wants the telly, the wire-levs, bowling alleys, dance halls, pictures, theaters. Everybody's got more money, and they're all driving around in Minis Minors, and the old lady'd rather go to the seaside than the football ground."

The forces of flux in association football and the Hadrian's Walls of tradition, the touches of old and the flashes of new, were assembled for an outsider recently in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the Northumberland city to which one does not carry coals, a carbon-splattered city on the banks of a river that for sheer septic content makes the East River look like a bubbling mountain stream. On this particular weekend the Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Brooke, appeared on the scene to tell the Tories of Newcastle that Labor would lose the election, that Newcastle was a city of character and history and that the people who lived along the Tyne had hearts of gold, proving once again that electorcentering politicians speak an international language. The Vickers Plant, three miles of dreary sheds along the inky Tyne, was working a light shift Saturday morning, and the ancient Sandgate market, where Newcastle residents take their old clothes for resale, was open for business at dawn.

But the only news of any import to the miners and factory hands of the ancient city was the match to be played that afternoon on the Gallowgate ground between Newcastle United, once the class of the league, and Coventry City, the blue-shirted avant-garde. Coventry City had won five of its first six games, and Newcastle United (or simply the "United," as the club is called locally) had had to turn to defensive-style football to eke out three wins in its first five matches. The consensus among the experts in Newcastle pubs like the Bay Horse, the Queen's Head, the Greyhound and the Lord Hill was that the United was overmatched against the league-leading Sky Blues from Coventry. Mr. William Cunningham analyzed the prospects in his Northumbrian brogue: "We'll be verry loocky, verry verry loocky, if we get a point today. Our lods all grew old about the same time, and now the club's

continued

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TWILIGHT
SENTINEL

BRITISH FOOTBALL *continued*

rebuildin', but it's a sloo process, it tis We've depended on a verry good center forward, but he canna get his form down at tall. Barrie Thomas is his name, and Mr. Barrie Thomas just canna get crackin'. He's havin' one of those spells, he is, where everything he tries is wrong. He's always hittin' the copyrights, you know, or gettin' brought down just outside the penalty area. He canna get started. But once he gets his form, oh, we'll teek some stuppin'?"

The Newcastle resident, or Novacastrian, or Geordie, makes a harsh attack on his words; he speaks with a pronounced glottal stop and a trace of the Scottish burr, and tends to elip off his final t's. Mr. William Cunningham, a little man of middle age with an impudently turned-up nose and a tiny gold cross in his lapel, was no exception. "I think," he said, becoming himself the personification of the game, "I'll sett-ul for a draw. I'll get it wi' a bi' of loock. It's too mooch to ask for a win, and I'll be sot-issified wi' a draw, indeed I will, sir."

In the pubs, endless reminiscences rattled about the walls as the Geordies stoked up for the long afternoon with pints of bitter and halves of Newcastle brown ale and nips of barley wine and Whitbread's Final Selection. Englishmen are not noisy in their pubs, but I could hear fragments: "He was an artist, a right winger, no, a left winger he was. Played for Derby County, and he was a wizard, a fly, this master, he was as good as Stanley Matthews. . . . Yes, I remember that rough one. Willie McGonigle, I think his name was. Knew as much about' kliekin' a football as I know about' layin' bloody eggs. . . . I have always believed, sir, that if you deliberately trip a man to stop him from scorin' a goal, or impede him in any way, sir, out you go!" A barmen told about days gone by in Newcastle, when the United was the best side in England: "If the United lost a mooch, we'd put the oold barrel of beer back on tap because it didn't matt-er, the people'd complain whatever you gave 'em. If you put in a new barrel after the cloob lost, they'd still say, 'Where did you get this stoo? It tastes bloody awful.'"

Two hours before the game, a group of Coventry City supporters arrive by train; they parade past the Royal Station Hotel in their sky-blue boaters, sky-blue vests and sky-blue trousers, whirling sky-blue clackers over their heads and shouting friendly gibes at the Geordies. By now the crowd is building, and one begins to get the feeling that all of Newcastle is converging on the Gallowgate ground. Here they come like a herd of happy elk, down Newgate Street, turning off at St Andrews, milling past an old cemetery with crazily angled headstones, thin and flint like long tea wafers, past the Northumberland Arms and Richard Charlton, Ltd., which deals in Bass ale, and up the hill to the ground, a starkly simple stadium with stands that are more like big sheds and unsophisticated light towers at each of the four corners. Outside the ground, men with placards shout the glory of the British press: *Sunday Express*... Read John Dunn on soccer every week! *The People*... Drugs! Brakes! Soccer's worst scandal! We name top stars! *Sunday Sun*... Greatest soccer coverage ever!

People hang out of windows across the street, sharing their frecholds with the neighbors, and tall trees just outside the walls are festooned with Geordies' boys and men poised like squirrels and swaying gently in the breeze. Still, there are 37,000 willing to pay their way in, with all but a few thousand of them standing in the old style, hip to hip, loins to loins, locked into position for the remainder of the afternoon. Feeling like the soft American, I find a seat next to an elderly Geordie with a checked cap and an excess of avoirdupois, much of which will be spending the afternoon resting against my side. There is a yell from the crowd ("The Gallowgate Rear," the Geordies proudly call it), and the teams are on the field, loosening up and balancing on their toes, walking lightly: the soccer player's strut. There is the Coventry team in its sky-blue, and there is the glory of Newcastle: the United, wearing black-and-white striped shirts like American basketball referees. "Sssshhh!" says the heavy man next to me. It is the first of several hundred "ssshhh's" he is to

omit during the game, and I quickly realize that this is merely his manner of expressing his feelings of shock and excitement when his emotions run away with him. Others inhale sharply at such times; my neighbor exhales, "Sssshhh," he says to his companion, "Did ye see that pass? Sssshhh, they'll no' score, posving like tho!"

The pattern of the game is set at the seven-minute mark, when one of the Coventry City fullbacks goes down with a pulled hamstring muscle. No substitutions are permitted in soccer, and a few minutes later he is back on the pitch limping heavily, his leg bound up. The Newcastle players realize that he is going to be a passenger for the rest of the game, and they abandon their customary conservative game to make wild forays against the Coventry goalkeeper. "Sett-up down," says Sssshhh, giving me a reflexive elbow in the side. "You'll no' score if you don't sett-up down!" Already it is plain that this is going to be a rough game, the referee is issuing warnings all over the place, and the crowd accuses him of partisanship. "Be fair, ref!" says Sssshhh. "Be fair!" A few minutes later a spectator slumps to the concrete behind us and the people around him shout to attract the attention of the black-and-white St. John Ambulance Brigade, patrolling on the pitch. The man is carried out on a stretcher, his feet sticking out, his head covered with a blanket. "Dead," a woman behind us whispers.

"He certainly is!" says Sssshhh, his eyes fixed on the game. "He hasn't called one right since the kickoff!"

Half time comes and, for all its assaultive razzle-dazzle, the home team has failed to score. Now the two least-envied men in Newcastle begin a slow walk around the pitch, carrying on a blackboard the results of a "half-time pool" based on scores of games throughout England. They are the least-envied men in Newcastle because the crowd pelts them with dirt as they stroll by with the bad news, heads ducked down behind their blackboard. They make the whole miserable circuit twice, while the

New Chips From An Old Block

by
Julien P. Van Winkle
Senior Proprietor
Old Fitzgerald
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



There's the story of the Kentucky stable boy who used to carve graceful little horses from a block of walnut wood.

Asked for the secret of his art, he replied, "It's easy, Boas. Ah jer' whittles off the chips that don't look like hoos!"

But there was more to his secret than that. A lifetime with a curry comb had taught him every twist and turn of "hoos".

Likewise, after more than 70 years among our mash tubs, I should know the cut of a genuine Kentucky distiller's job.

And so, since some 27 years ago when my son first joined our family distillery, I've been whittling away the chips that didn't "look like hoos."

From still house to cooper's shop, from mash tub to yeasting room, he has faithfully followed under my direction every facet of the sour mash distiller's art. Shucking his coveralls, he has taken to the road to make our celebrated products available to customers in every nook and corner of the land.

Today I am ready to pop the bung from the barrel, and call him properly "aged in the wood and bottle-ripe"—ready to carry on the tradition and reputation of our 115-year-old family distillery.

In my view, as in the view of more than a few in our industry, he is more than a "chip off the old block." He is the block itself, shaped and schooled in all phases of our old-fashioned endeavor, and as dedicated as his forebears to maintaining the everlasting excellence of our famous sour mash bourbon.

My friends, in case you're interested, I refer to the new President of OLD FITZGERALD—my son, Julien P. Van Winkle, Jr.

This pen with which I write, as well as the family firm which he heads, is now his to guide. How well he does the former, in future columns such as this, will be yours to judge.

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BRITISH FOOTBALL

crowd boos and shows its displeasure. "The second time around," a neighbor explains, "is for the people who missed the first time."

"Missed the rules?" I ask.

"No, missed hittin' 'em with dirt."

The second half begins, and even an American can tell that the Uniteds have had a heart-to-heart in the 10-minute interval and have come to the realization that they will not beat the under-strength Coventrys by undisciplined attacking. Newcastle returns to its normal, cool style; a fullback dribbles the ball 15 or 20 yards, then slips a short pass to a halfback, who carries a few yards and passes to another halfback, who rips a curving, spinning drive around a defender and spung on the foot of a forward. The attack fails and begins again, fails once more and begins once more, and suddenly the Uniteds' left winger slams a sharply angled shot past the Coventry goalkeeper and the locals are ahead in a hail of screaming and shouting and clapping of hands above the head, not to mention a prolonged "ssssshhh" and a series of sharp jabs to my ribs.

Nine minutes later the ball rolls loose in front of the Coventry net and a black-and-white-shirted Newcastle player slams it in. This time the crowd makes even more noise, because now the game is sailed safely away and, furthermore, the forward who has scored is Barrie Thomas, the same Barrie Thomas who "just canna get crackin'," the man they depended upon. Ah, there could be wondrous days ahead for the Uniteds, and one must doubly grieve for the poor man who died before the first goal was scored. Most likely he was one of those whose hopes and ambitions were displaced to the happenings on the Gallowgate ground, those whose childhoods were spent kicking around the little rubber balls given free with Robertson's marmalade, those whose lives were ordered like a biological clock into two parts of the week: six dreary days, and Saturday. Whoever the dead man was, he seemed to represent something clean and honest and decent as they carried him gently from the ground. He was the game, and the game is England.

END



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**Don't vote...
and the choice is theirs!**

**Register...
or you have no choice!**



Graham McNamee set out to be a singer—but in 1923, when he and radio were young, he became a

Sports Announcer by Accident

by THOMAS F. MOORE

Graham McNamee was America's first big-name sportscaster. He sold drama and excitement, to the exclusion of facts if they got in the way. For 19 years, starting in 1923, he was one of radio's top personalities, and for sports fans of the '20s and '30s he made most of the big events come alive, even though listeners often had to read the newspapers the next day to find out what actually had happened.

McNamee got into sports announcing by accident. He had little technical knowledge of any of the dozen or so sports he covered. As a boy in St. Paul he studied to be a concert singer. For a number of years he worked as a railroad clerk and then a salesman, and it was not until 1920, when he was 31, that he made his singing debut in New York's Aeolian Hall. The reviews were good, but for the next three years concert and church work was scarce.

In 1923, while picking up eating money doing jury duty downtown, McNamee wandered into the lower Broadway building of the American Telephone and Tele-

graph Company, where its new radio station, WEAf, was sending out occasional nighttime broadcasts. He asked for an audition as a singer. Jack Hoenes, an old radio hand who was then writing patter for the Happiness Boys at the station, recalls, "Every broadcast—they were all live then—was almost like a ceremony. The announcers wore tails in those first days. The only trouble was that the announcers were mostly engineers, and they talked like—well, like engineers. It dawned on somebody that the listeners couldn't see the tails, but they could hear those voices. Then Graham walked in and they grabbed him for his voice."

McNamee was hired by the program manager "to open and close parties for artists, answer telephone calls, escort unaccompanied ladies home after programs, sing operatic and religious selections and do some announcing." His salary was \$50 a week, and it was some time before he was able to afford a radio. His wife—he had married a concert singer—used to stand outside music stores to hear his

continued



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Graham McNamee

broadcasts and report on crowd reaction.

Announcing was soon McNamee's forte. From the beginning he made every word sound earthshaking. He developed a technique of running down the hall to the studio so that his voice came over the air in breathless tones. He smiled at the microphone in the belief that this promoted a rapport with his listeners. And it did.

McNamee's voice became so well-known in the frantic new medium that, despite his lack of a sports background, he undertook his first athletic assignment on August 31, 1923, eight months after joining WEA. This was the broadcast of the fight for the middleweight championship between Harry Greb and Johnny Wilson, staged at the Polo Grounds. Greb took the 15-round decision. During the fight McNamee realized that the usual broadcasting announcements would not do. For a singer the announcer would say simply, "Miss So-and-so will now sing such-and-such a number," and when she finished "Miss So-and-so has sung such-and-such a number." But "Greb just hit Wilson" and "Wilson just hit Greb" did not describe what was happening in and around the ring. McNamee began to embellish the action, often imaginatively.

Shortly after the fight, McNamee worked his first World Series: the third meeting between the New York Yankees and Giants, which the Yankees won. Sportswriters had handled most of the previous sports events broadcast on the theory that they knew what they were talking about. Unfortunately, many of them were articulate or inaudible. McNamee got the assignment because he could be heard, but what came across to the listeners was a little confusing. He was feeling his way in the unfamiliar circumstances and often could not concentrate because of technical problems. The result was such phrases as, "The next ball is a strike." Ring Lardner said of an early McNamee baseball broadcast: "There was a doubleheader yesterday—the game that was played and the one McNamee announced."

Boxing fans had an even tougher time. McNamee was inclined to shout hysterically, "He's down, he's up!" without identifying the fighter. In a 1924 broadcast McNamee referred to one of the boxers, Abe Goldstein, as Bernstein, and then alternated the two names. Listeners wondered just who was fighting

the opponent, Joe Lynch. This became the only three-sided boxing match in history. Over the air it sounded like a tag team wrestling match. First Goldstein would belt Lynch, then Bernstein would land a solid blow with Lynch going it alone. The combination proved too much for Lynch, and he surrendered his bantamweight championship.

In McNamee's defense, it must be noted that he was a pioneer and that he created the techniques most of the modern broadcasters use. His main aim was to make the event interesting to the man who had bought a radio. McNamee also had to contend with familiar words that sounded strange over the air. One early letter-writing critic wanted to know how a certain boxer continued fighting after he had "fainted." McNamee concentrated on the color, and sometimes the statistics got sidetracked. George Hicks, the NBC announcer, says: "He was the first great ad lib personality. He threw away the script. He was a showman. He had to make mistakes. You wouldn't knock Laurence Olivier for talking liberties with a part. Graham was in the same class—he was an artist."

As an example Hicks cites an opening-day broadcast of a Yankee game. The weather was freezing; the score was one-sided, but McNamee remained ebullient right up to the final out. The last batter hit a long fly that McNamee knew would be caught. But he played it up. "He made it sound as though the ball could go for a home run," says Hicks. "He built up the tension and then screamed 'And he caught it!'"

McNamee broadcast under the most trying conditions. Prior to a 1925 World Series game at Pittsburgh, he talked for 60 minutes with the rain pouring down his collar. He used his raincoat to cover the mike. Yet he remained so cheerful and exuberant that he drew 50,000 fan letters. McNamee would tackle anything. During one emergency he had to broadcast a basketball game, a sport about which he knew absolutely nothing. Before the game he crammed from a rule book. He had a few drinks to work up enthusiasm for the task. Then he went on the air and made the game so exciting he was invited back for the following year.

Despite his occasional discomfort in sports, McNamee had no peer as an announcer in other areas. Most of the early sports events were broadcast over the

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Graham McNamee *continued*

single station, WEAf, but for the 1924 Democratic Convention from Madison Square Garden there was a hookup also taking in WJZ, the other major New York station, and 18 additional outlets. The convention turned into a deadlock between Al Smith and William Gibbs McAdoo. For 16 hours a day through 15 consecutive days McNamee talked, covering every facet of the convention.

In 1926 the Radio Corporation of America set up the National Broadcasting Company to handle two networks: the Red, with WEAf as the key station, and the Blue, with WJZ the principal outlet. NBC's new president, Merlin Hall Aylesworth, was asked to name radio's greatest asset. He said promptly, "Graham McNamee." During the '20s, McNamee sometimes broadcast over the combined networks. In 1927 he was the announcer for the first national hookup from the Coast, handling the Rose Bowl game between Stanford and Alabama.

The Rose Bowl always gave McNamee trouble. In the 1929 game, between California and Georgia Tech, he ran into a situation that confused not only him but also everyone who saw it: Roy Riegels' "wrong way run" that cost California the win. In the second quarter, Riegels, the California center, picked up a fumble deep in Tech territory, lost track of his surroundings and headed for his own goal where he was tackled on the one-yard line. Tech scored a safety on the next play and went on to win 8-7. McNamee blurred out the details of the weird run pretty much as it happened, but many listeners around the country thought that McNamee had goofed again.

The pop boy

McNamee took most of the early criticism good-naturedly. Later on, his irascible temper would erupt on occasion, and the normally shy and hesitant man, off-mike, would become enraged. He was at his best and worst in the "long-count" fight between Dempsey and Tunney in Chicago's Soldier Field on September 22, 1927. Eager to provide every detail for a combined network hookup—with short wave to London and relays around the world—he said, "Dempsey has come into the ring, dressed in white flannels and a long bathrobe." He missed nothing, however erratic the description. He noticed the pretty blue ribbon around the

Bag a woolly tahr, whatever that is? Where?

Here!



In New Zealand, A tahr has horns and lives high in the mountains above the bush line. You've got to be as tough as he is. That makes it interesting. If you prefer, hunt deer or wild pig. But come on—live it up. Hunt tahr. This is a man's country.

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box in which the new gloves were kept.

McNamee was still the pep boy at the end of round two as he told his listeners, "I do not think either of the fighters has suffered particular damage. But the second round was far more thrilling than the first." As the action became more exciting, McNamee's hysteria was equal to it. In the controversial seventh round, he screamed while the referee tried to get Dempsey into a neutral corner after the knockdown. "Turney is down. Dempsey is on the other side of him. They are counting—six, seven, eight, nine—and Turney is up and now they are at it again." At the bell McNamee said, "There was almost a new champion—almost but not quite." Then floridly but accurately, "Gene's look of confidence is somewhat dispelled now. But Dempsey may have lost his chance," McNamee caught every bit of the drama as Turney backed away with the tiring Dempsey laughing at him and challenging him to stand still. When the 10-round fight ended, with Turney the winner and Dempsey almost out on his feet, McNamee, in view of the later controversy, summed up concisely with, "Gene Turney managed to master Dempsey but by no great margin, and there were two times when Turney himself might have taken the long, long road to oblivion."

So thrilling was McNamee's description that he was inadvertently responsible for radio's first rating audit. Emotion ran high around the world, with most fans rooting for the once unpopular Dempsey to win back his crown. Ten persons in this country died from heart attacks as a result of the broadcast. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company hastily calculated that in a half-hour of such excitement only 5.4 persons out of the estimated 50 million listeners should have died, which meant either that McNamee had a much larger audience or that his account was almost twice as stimulating as it should have been. McNamee always regarded this fight as the high point of his sportscasting career.

With the advent of the '30s, McNamee's marital troubles and divorce caused him to drink more, and even though he married again he drank heavily for the rest of his life. The legends about him grew. Talking pictures had started, and in some of them the sports announcer was a bumbling character: "Yale has the ball—no, wait a second—it's Harvard." Some audiences assumed

a continued



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that McNamee was the prototype for this caricature. That McNamee was slipping was evident from his account of the 1934 Max Baer-Primo Carnera heavyweight championship fight, which prompted *Warner* to report: "In the first round Graham announced very excitedly, 'Oh, Carnera landed three left jabs in Baer's face.' Newspapers had predicted anything might happen, so Carnera jabbing himself in the face, having no other face to jab at the moment, sounded plausible. Later on Graham screamed, 'Baer landed a terrific left hook to Baer's mid-section.' This did cause some doubt."

Such travesties did not help McNamee's reputation. Then McNamee's most famous boner occurred in the 1934 Poughkeepsie regatta. Two men providing background for NBC were stationed at good vantage points: on the observation train and at a bridge overlooking the Hudson. For some reason McNamee decided to call the race from a rowboat at water level. He arrived late and had trou-

ble getting his bearings. The freshmen and juniors had completed their races, and dusk was settling by the time the seven varsity crews began their run. Visibility was poor, particularly so from McNamee's boat. In addition, an incorrect rumor seeped down that one of the shells had sunk, and McNamee kept trying to place the missing crew. He maintained a brave chatter of rowing jargon, giving the count, "31, 32, 33," while he tried to identify the various eights flashing by. When the blur reached the finish line he had to make a decision, and he named Navy. Actually, California was first by 3/4 of a length, Washington second and Navy third, 1/4 length behind Washington. One onlooker seems to remember that McNamee, straining to get the finish, fell into the water. At any rate, another voice cleared up the confusion and, to cover McNamee, said "Everything is becoming obscured by the mist."

After that, McNamee frequently confined himself to color, at which he was a master, in reporting sporting events.

Through the '30s he specialized in announcing for variety shows. He was perhaps the busiest and highest paid performer in broadcasting. He was the announcer for Ed Wynn's program, for Rudy Vallee's hour, for the Atwater Kent Sunday concerts. Two days a week, he was the voice of Universal Newsreel, for which job alone he received \$700 weekly. He created the style of narration still used in newsreels, viewing the film clips three times and then writing his own copy. Even here he had his critics, who objected to his puns. Once, describing a European marriage, McNamee concluded, "May they live scrappily ever after."

On April 24, 1942, while announcing the *Ella Maxwell's Party* Linslow, McNamee signed off with, "Good night all—and goodbye." The "goodbye" was prophetic: a day later he suffered a heart attack and entered a hospital, where he died from a brain clot. At the services for the man who gave up singing for talking there was no sermon, but a quartet sang his two favorite hymns.

END

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE With last-minute help from the over-pennant-bound Phillies and despite two stunning losses to the Mets, the Cardinals survived a four-team race at the flag to the final two days to win their first championship in 18 years. The following is an analysis of individual performances in the league for 1964.

THE HITTERS For the second time in his career, Roberto Clemente of the Pirates pulled away from the pack in the batting race during August and then held on to win by a comfortable margin. In 1961 Clemente won with .351, and this year he was almost as good, hitting in the .340s most of the way before dropping to .339 in the last days of the season. His toughest competition came from the heart of the Milwaukee batting order—rookie Rico Carty (.330), Henry Aaron (.328) and Joe Torre (.321). Ron Santo, the Cubs' tenacious third baseman, turned in the best all-around performance (.313 BA, 30 HRs, 114



ROBERTO CLEMENTE

RBIs), but the Cards' Ken Boyer, who led in RBIs (119); the Giants' Willie Mays, the top slugger with 47 homers; and the Phillies' Richie Allen were not far behind. The year's two major disappointments: Los Angeles' two-time batting champ Tommie Davis, who dropped from .326 to .275, and San Francisco's Willie McCovey, who hit 18 homers, compared with 44 in 1963.

THE PITCHERS Although he did not pitch after August 16 because of an injury, the Dodgers' Sandy Koufax was again the best pitcher in the league. He won his third ERA championship in three years with a 1.74 average and had a 19-5 record. Sandy's teammate, Don Drysdale, who barely had a .500 record at 18-16, was second in ERA with 2.19 and pitched 23 more innings than anyone else in the big leagues. After trying for nine years, the Cubs' Larry Jackson finally became a 20-game winner and finished with the most victories (24-11) for the year. The Cards' Ray Sadecki and Juan Marichal of the Giants were the only other 20-game winners. Two young pitchers, Houston's Bob Bruce, who was 15-9 for the ninth-place Colts, and Pittsburgh's Bob Veale (18-12 and 250 strikeouts) came into their own, but time ran out on Warren Spahn (6-13), who finished with the second-worst ERA (5.28) in the league.

THE ROOKIES Most of the top first-year players were hitters, and good ones. The Phils' Allen, despite some rugged play at third base, was the best of all, with a .318 average, 29 homers and 91 RBIs. He also led the league in runs scored with 125. Two others pressed Allen closely for rookie honors. Carty of the Braves had 21 homers and 85 RBIs to go with his .330 average, and he did it all without playing the first two months. The Giants' Jim Ray Hart did not hit as often (.286), but he hit harder, belting out 31 homers. Cincinnati's late surge was carried by two strong young relief pitchers, Sammy Ellis and Billy McCool, who together totaled 92 appearances and 16 wins for the Reds.

AMERICAN LEAGUE Despite a belated push by the White Sox, who ended the season with a nine-game winning streak, the inevitable happened: the Yankees, after a stirring six-week come-from-behind drive, won a second straight fifth straight pennant. The following is an analysis of individual performances in the league for 1964.

THE HITTERS For the second consecutive year even the league's best batters did not hit particularly well. Minnesota's rookie batting champ, Tony Oliva, finished with a .323 average (.321 was tops in 1963), followed by Baltimore's Brooks Robinson (.317) and New York's Elston Howard (.313) and Mickey Mantle (.303). Robinson, who belted 28 homers and led the league with 117 RBIs, and Mantle (35 HRs, 108 RBIs) were the outstanding all-round hitters. Robinson's year was a magnificent comeback from 1963, when he hit .251. The top sluggers were Minnesota's Harmon Killebrew, who had his fourth straight 40-plus home-run year with 49, and the Orioles' young Boog Powell, who hit 39 homers. Surprisingly muscular were Boston's Felix Mantilla (30 HRs) and Detroit's Dick McAuliffe (24)—neither had hit as many as 14 before.

THE PITCHERS One reason the hitters did not do particularly well was that they occasionally had to face the Angels' Dean Chance. Chance (.20-.9) finished with a 1.65 ERA, the lowest since 1943. The only other 20-game winner was Chicago's Gary Peters, but several other members of the White Sox staff (2.75 combined ERA) could have done it with a little better hitting support. Chief vetran Joel Horlen, who won only 13 of 22 decisions but finished with an ERA under 2.00. The Yanks' Whitney Ford, bothered by injuries much of the season, still maintained baseball's best career winning percentage (.720) with a 17-6 (.739) year. Relief Pitchers John Wyatt of Kansas City and Dick Radatz of Boston both broke the major league record for appearances in one season, finishing with 81 and 78 respectively.

THE ROOKIES Oliva, the first rookie to win a batting title since 1878, had 217 hits, 32 homers and 95 RBIs to lead an exceptional group of first-year players. Baltimore's 19-year-old Wally Bunker posted the league's best won-lost record (19-5) and was the Orioles' toughest pitcher down the stretch. New York's Mel Stottlemyre (9-3), the key man in the Yanks' pennant drive, and Cleveland's Luis Tiant (10-4) both came up in midseason to strengthen slumping pitching staffs. The Angels' rookie relief workhorse, Bob Lee, finished second in ERA for relief pitchers (1.51), and Boston's Tony Conigliaro and Baltimore's



TONY OLIVA

Sam Bowens were important hitters for their teams. Conigliaro boosted the Sox with a .290 BA, 24 HRs and 52 RBIs; Bowens hit .266 with 22 homers and 71 RBIs. The most surprising rookie of them all, Los Angeles' Willie Smith, moved from the mound to the outfield and should never go back, after averaging .299 with 51 RBIs and 11 HRs.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

EQUAL TIME

Sirs:

Now that you have published William Barry Furlong's article, *A Sad Day for Baseball* (Sept. 21), perhaps you'll be kind enough to find an equally able writer to counter this with *A Great Day for Baseball* to show what surely must be the other side of the coin.

Let there be no doubt, it matters to only a minority of my acquaintances who owns the Yankees—or the Cardinals or the Pirates or the Orioles. The time has arrived when professional baseball (and professional football, too, for that matter) are to be recognized as profit-making organizations subject to the same demands of the market place as in any other service or product offered for sale. Whether or not they are subject to antitrust legislation is for the lawmakers to argue, but if granted a vote I'd be for removing the cloak of protection.

GEORGE DRESSLER

McKeesport, Pa.

Sirs:

NBC pays thirteen million dollars to televise the World Series. Who is in the World Series? The Yankees, right? Who owns the Yankees? CBS, of course. So NBC will be paying CBS to appear on NBC's own program. Now NBC will have to buy the L. A. Dodgers and control of the National League to get even.

GEORGE A. DOTY

Beaumont, Texas

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Sirs:

Your fine story about Doyt Perry, head football coach at Bowling Green University (*He'll Never Leave Ohio*, Sept. 28), is only fitting. The Mid-American Conference has long been a power in baseball nationally as evidenced by Western Michigan's presence in the Collegiate World Series so often. And now this power is seeping through to football and basketball. Don't be too surprised if within 10 years you see a national champion from the Mid-American Conference, with the Big Ten begging for home-and-home contests.

CHARLES L. SMITH

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sirs:

The MAC does play better football than Xavier, Dayton and Cincinnati. In future years these schools will be left far behind by the MAC. Ohio University has immediate gridiron days with Purdue (a rematch) and Maryland. In 1967 Ohio will meet Kansas, Penn State and William and Mary. By then,

as Writer John Underwood said, a defeat by a MAC school will embarrass no one.

ROGER L. RABA

Athens, Ohio

Sirs:

With gentlemen like Doyt Perry at Bowling Green and the coaching corps produced at Miami (with an "O"), football in the Mid-American Conference can't lose, even if the Big Ten does win four of five meetings.

Thanks to John Underwood for an article that shows football as a lot more than a shortcut to a "paper" education.

JACK OLGANGE

Stamford, Conn.

Sirs:

Your listing of former Miami University football players who became famous coaches proves again that fame can be fleeting. You forgot one of the most famous of all: Paul Brown of the Cleveland Browns.

JOSEPH M. GAMBATRE

Washington

WASN'T NO HARM INTENDED

Sirs:

I was shocked at a quote recently attributed by you to Coach Bob Giegengack of the U.S. Olympic team, viz., "I don't want none . . ." (*To Tokyo by Jaxet*, Sept. 21). I've known him for more than 20 years and have never heard him use a double negative except in deliberate levity.

ARTHUR DALEY

New York City

● Yale's Giegengack, a magna cum laude graduate of Holy Cross, was indeed speaking with "deliberate levity" when he was quoted double-negatively.—FD.

PRIDE

Sirs:

We of McClymonds High School agree with your article (*SCORECARD*, Sept. 14) that "pride in athletic achievement" is the key to the fact that McClymonds is known as the School of Champions. And we are proud of the number of top professional and collegiate athletes such as Bill Russell, Frank Robinson and Vida Pinson who received their initial training here.

However, we deplore the statement that "until recently the school did little to encourage pride in academics." Pride in academic achievement, the result of intensive effort by McClymonds administrators and faculty, has motivated many McClymonds graduates who have completed or are now successfully completing further education at colleges and universities in California and

through scholarships in collegiate institutions elsewhere in the U.S. Ever since California established accreditation to schools of higher learning, McClymonds has received the maximum accreditation allowed any high school by the Western Association of Schools and Colleges.

GRACE H. JOHNSTONE

Oakland, Calif.

EMPTY CUP

Sirs:

Thanks for the brilliant report and analysis of the America's Cup races by Carleton Mitchell (*Less a Race than a Rout*, Sept. 28). While not lacking in patriotic fervor, I still believe it would have been a good thing if the British had lifted the cup after all these years, so we could go back after it.

But in fixing the blame for *Sovereign's* bust performance, let's not be too harsh on Helmsman Peter Scott. He is a fine sailor and extremely able. He simply did not have enough boat under him.

Perhaps the British should refrain from issuing further challenges until they have developed the likes of an Olaf Stephens for design, a Ted Hood for sails and a foredeck boss of the caliber of John Nichols. When they have done this Peter Scott can give us a contest.

ROBERT J. L. LEE

Athens, Ohio

Sirs:

As I recall it, America, originator of the America's Cup Races, had to beat 17 yachts to get the cup 113 years ago.

Would it not be more sporting if the New York Yacht Club also accepted challenges from several foreign yacht clubs at the same time? Let's discontinue these two-yacht proceedings.

D. C. WHARTON SMITH

Baltimore

HEROES

Sirs:

Your article *A Leg Up on a Good Heart* (Sept. 21) was interesting and educational to the layman. However, I would suggest that you either acquire a better physical specimen than Dr. Thomas K. Cureton (Dr. Physical Fitness) or at least refrain from showing his picture. Dr. Cureton has done a great deal to motivate interest in physical fitness, but his walking, deep breathing, skipping, two-step licks, etc. do not impress me half as much as the feats of marathon runners John Kelley and Mike O'Hara. Both of these gentlemen are more than 50 years of age and have probably run more miles in one year than Dr. Cureton has in his life-

continued



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10TH HOLE (continued)

time. It would seem appropriate that the picture of a physiologically young, though chronologically old, person should have graced your article, instead of a 40-inch-waisted verbalizer.

M. THOMAS WOODRUM I

Brookings, S. Dak.

• Few 40-inch-waisted American men can run at all, let alone run like 63-year-old Dr. Cureton. To "cool off" from one of his hour-long, nonstop exercise marathons, Cureton runs three or more miles.—ED.

HOW HIGH THE KITE?

Sirs:

Regarding your article about the gentlemen who fly kites from the stern of the Puget Sound ferry (SCORECARD, Aug. 10), we of the destroyer USS Johnston dispute Mr. Stuyvesant B. Pell's claim to a world record of 1,000 feet of airborne string.

On Sunday, August 30, members of the crew, flying a kite for recreation, managed to send it into the skies for a distance of well over 3,000 yards (as verified by the ship's radar and a call from the Admiral). They used 37 balls of hand-held string (we are part of that splinter group of purists) and a blue-and-gold kite (Navy colors). Best of all, they had the sincerity that counts for so much in this sport.

As always, the Navy fields the best team, no matter what the sport.

ENSIGN TOM LAWRENCE, USNR

New York City

RUNNING COMMENTARY

Sirs:

Charlotte C. Marsh states that it is wrong for Coach Bob Timmons to "force" young Jim Ryun into competition (10TH HOLE, Sept. 28). If Ryun wanted to quit running, he could. Ryun is training to represent his country in the greatest of all sporting events, the Olympics. Which is better, a teen-ager training courageously to help his country's prestige or a teen-ager stealing hubcaps?

JOHN GARTLAND

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

Sincere appreciation to you for your articles on Jim Ryun and Gerry Lindgren. They have brought much inspiration and renewed resolve to countless boys on high school and college tracks. Perhaps this contribution to our country's athletics surpasses even their accomplishments on the track.

Heartfelt gratitude to them and to their coaches for showing us what duty, devotion, humility and high expectancy can accomplish.

JACK EVERY

Kirkwood, Mo.

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